

PART 13
NINEPENCE

Complete in about 40 Parts

THE GREAT WAR...

...I WAS THERE!

...LIVING MEMORIES OF 1914-1918

Edited by
**MR JOHN
MAMERTON**

Editor of
THE WAR 1914-1918

Writer of
GOTTEN MEN
Famous War Film

EDS OF
PHOTO

On Page 500

Trooper Bert Parker, 8th light horse regiment.
Taken on Gallipoli, 1915.



LITERARY CONTENTS OF THE GREAT WAR: I WAS THERE!

With Acknowledgements to Authors and Publishers

WEEK by week we acknowledge here our indebtedness to the many authors and publishers whose courteous permission to reprint selected pages from the books written and them the compilation of the present work could not have been achieved. In our volume bound these acknowledgements will be repeated in the preliminary pages.

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Leaves from the Editor's Note

John Carpenter House, London, E.C.4

AS I write these notes the period of the annual solemn celebration of the Armistice has just been completed, and it is a matter that gives rise to some reflection that a full twenty years after the signing of the first Armistice men's minds are filled by the thought of the threat of war. And it is more than natural that those who fought in that greatest of wars should find that their thoughts hark back to their experiences by land and air and sea. That this is most certainly a general feeling and reaction is reflected by my swollen letter-bag.

FROM all sides, whether from the Old Contemptible who marvels that he survived to be able so to describe himself, from the Territorial, proud of his non-professional soldiering, from the men of the New Armies and Kitchener's Armies, and even from the boys who, in the last year of the War, went forth to fight as soon as they reached their minimum age of eighteen years—from all of these classes I am receiving letters of which I can but mention a small selection.

SOMEWHAT in this vein comes a manuscript of an address from Mr. F. S. D. Stephenson, of Sutton Coldfield, who, having had actual experience of the Great War, is still a soldier, being second in command of the 5th Bn. The South Staffordshire Regt. I may not print his address in full, but I think many of my readers will share the sentiments of the opening paragraphs of this address:

"As one of the many who witnessed the awful side of that War and participated in its unforgettable horrors, but in whose blood there still pulsates the rhythm of those dreadful yet glorious years, I feel impelled to render a tribute to its nobler aspects. The War was not all horror. To the fighting soldier the War represented the pinnacle of supreme personal sacrifice and disinterestedness, which rendered the more honourable and bearable its difficulties and dangers. There is no need to paint War's frightfulness. That has been done

ad nauseam by hundreds of writers. I do not exaggerate—that, it would be difficult to do. My own experiences, that to represent War as only the dignity of tragic drama to the Great War, is

My correspondent remarks that if interest for the maintenance of peace could be relied upon against an aggressor, war might be avoided in the light of the events of recent years, and dare trust to that?

MR. M. F. L. SELBY, of Twickenham, makes the make-up of our work which is not a serial finds it irritating that a chapter is continued from another instead of finishing neatly at the end and hints that it is done purposely. This complaint I have met with in the publishing of more than a dozen serial works, and, reasonable as it might seem, it is in fact somewhat misconceived. There is all of holding the interest in order to persuade to buy the following week's issue. I am quite agree that to break off in the middle of a particularly situation with the suggestion (although it may not be that it is "to be continued in our next," is so old the production of certain types of periodicals that worthy of a work so serious as I WAS THERE. In fact, there is no idea or intention of this kind by the method of make-up.

WHAT I ask all readers to remember is that a serial work such as this is not a magazine or a book but is designed, made-up and printed as convenient of a complete book, a book which happens to be read in small sections instead of in volume. As published has to consist of a stated number of pages, it is in practice impossible to vary the length seriously, for reasons which will be obvious.

[Continued]



TURNING THEIR BACKS ON TURKS AND TRENCHES

These men of a working party are returning from the trenches down one of the gullies, a marked feature of the Gallipoli landscape which afforded a natural protection that saved many lives. No troops on any front were called upon to endure more than did those in Gallipoli. In sweltering heat by day and bitter cold by night they held on, and the conditions were rendered worse by the scarcity of water.



Central Press

FIRST STAGE IN THE SUVLA TRAGEDY

On August 6, 1915, a landing was made at Suvla Bay, twenty miles from Cape Helles, on the north shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the object being to capture the Anafarta Hills and dominate the centre of the Peninsula. The force consisted of the 10th and 11th Divisions of the New Army commanded by Lieut.-General Sir F. W. Stopford. Two reserve divisions, the 53rd and 54th Territorial Divisions, were landed from August 8-11. The landing, seen above in progress, was successfully accomplished, but the troops were unable to secure the commanding heights around the bay before Turkish reinforcements came up.

Gallipoli: The Last Days

August 6, 1915 — January 1916

ON August 6, 1915, a new landing was made on the Gallipoli Peninsula, this time at Su. la Bay, N. of Anzac. A footing was gained at tremendous cost. ¶ Some of the incidents of these truly terrible days are described below by Compton Mackenzie, the world-famous novelist, and by Trooper Potts, who won his V.C. on the slopes of Suvla. ¶ Other phases of the Dardanelles adventure are recounted by Ex-C.P.O. Sims, who tells of thrilling moments under the sea, and by Mr. Cropton, who writes of autumn days on the Peninsula. ¶ The last days of a most gallant but ill-fated exploit of arms, which ended fortunately in a bloodless evacuation, are told of by General Sir Ian Hamilton and General Sir John Monash, with an added enemy commentary by the German C-in-C., Marshal Liman von Sanders.

* 94 August 6—7, 1915

DARK NIGHT of the SUVLA LANDING

by Compton Mackenzie



FIGHTING NOVELIST

After being invalided during the Dardanelles campaign, Mr. Compton Mackenzie did valuable work as Military Control Officer in Athens in 1916, and as Director of Aegean Intelligence Service, Syria, a post to which he was appointed in 1917.

ENIOTT and FRY

AT half-past three on the afternoon of the sixth of August the thunder of the guns on Helles travelling across the clear air to Kephala proclaimed that the general attack ordered there had begun. This was intended to occupy the Turks in the Southern Zone and prevent their moving northward to reinforce the defenders above Anzac, where the Australians and New Zealanders launched their attack at half-past five. The gunfire pulsated on the still air, and by seven o'clock the whole length of the long line of tawny cliffs was twinkling with starry shells.

All through the afternoon the troops of the Eleventh Division had been embarking in the new armour-plated motor-lighters that from their appearance were known as beetles. Ten thousand troops embarked at Imbros; six thousand were on the way from Mudros. From Mytilene four thousand more were steering northward into the unknown out of the unknowable, for half an hour after the last trawler had left Port Iero, Canopus had deliberately fouled the cable so that no news of their

departure could be signalled from enemy agents in Lesbos.

The evening was brilliantly clear, the sea was calm. About half-past seven I stood above the G.H.Q. camp and looked down across the waters of Kephala to where on the level land beyond "K" beach hundreds of evacuated tents clustered like ghosts in the twilight. The roadstead was thronged with shipping, and the smoke of many funnels belching into the clear air and making turbid a sky slashed with the crimson of a long slow sunset suggested the glimpse of a manufacturing town in a hollow of the Black Country beheld from some Staffordshire height.

One after another the ships moved out of the harbour; great liners like the Minneapolis with the newspaper correspondents on board, destroyers, trawlers, beetles, battleships, and many others. By half-past seven the roadstead was empty. The metallic blues and greens and blood-reds in the water had turned to a cold dull grey. Eastward the ever-increasing surge and thunder of the guns; here an almost horrible quiet. At ten o'clock the new landing was due to begin. Hardly anybody spoke at dinner. . . . I was too much excited to go to bed, and from ten to twelve I worked at an absurd memorandum on a certain Müller family in Mytilene, and my proposed scheme for their elimination.

AT midnight I went across with George Lloyd to the O. tent, where we drank cocoa. No news of any kind had yet arrived, but we told ourselves that we really must not expect any quite so soon as this. Lloyd was listless and downhearted. I urged him to go to bed, such a headache had he, and as I

walked with him to his tent he told me how much he hated being here and doing nothing while this push was on.

"I'm doing no good at G.H.Q. to anybody," he said bitterly. "If I were with my regiment I should feel more respect for myself."

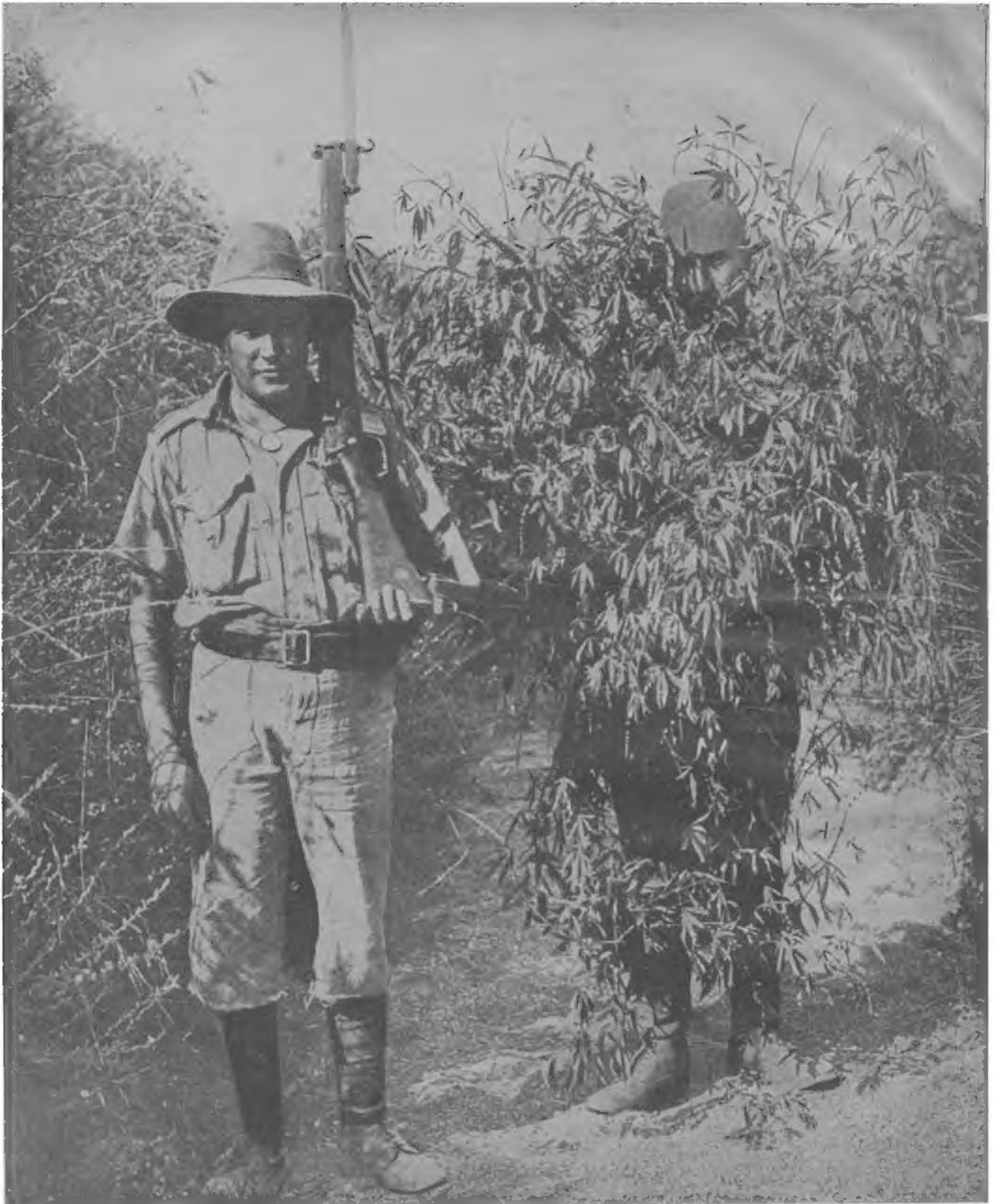
IT was difficult to reassure George Lloyd when he succumbed to these self-searching moods of despair. I left him and walked back to the O. [Operations] tent after telling the orderly in I. [Intelligence] to bring across my telegrams. By one o'clock there was nobody left in the O. tent except Guy Dawnay, Cecil Aspinall, Barttelot, and Cipher-Major Orlo Williams with his code books. . . . I felt that depression was setting in here under the strain of waiting for news, and I tried to amuse them by enacting a series of imaginary scenes between various members of the General Staff. Apparently I was successful in being funny, for Orlo Williams told me the other day that one of his memories of Suvla night was trying not to laugh, because in the bruised condition of his bones after falling from his horse two days before, every laugh was an agony. However, I could not go on being funny indefinitely, and we were soon sitting anxiously waiting for news.

A telegram arrived from Bulgaria. I do not recall what it said. . . .

A few minutes later another telegram came in about stores; but there was no word of any landing by the Tenth and Eleventh Divisions of the Ninth Corps.

Then, at last, a signal from Anzac was brought in. Aspinall tore it open and flung it down on the table, frowning. I read it:

"When does the next hospital ship come? This one is full."



CAPTURED COMPLETE WITH CAMOUFLAGE

As is noted in Chapter 72 by Mr. Herbert, the skilful marksmanship and cunning of the Turkish snipers was one of the heaviest burdens upon British soldiers engaged in the calamitous Gallipoli campaign. Concealment is one of the primary needs in sniping, and "Johnny Turk" achieved this in many ingenious ways. Here is an Australian with a sniper who was taken prisoner with a tangled mass of foliage fixed to him, a simple piece of camouflage exactly as described by Trooper Potts in page 502.

Capture of Turkish sniper.

It was on Gallipoli, 1915, when Trooper Bert Parker of the 8th Light Horse regiment, saw a bush move. Curious, he took a shot at it with his .303, and was amazed to see it fall over. He had bagged an elusive Turkish Sniper, who had to be escorted back to the beach. He was only slightly wounded.

A picture of the wounded men lying on the beach under the stars of that dark night, whose darkness was so vital to the success of the operation, must have been in the minds of all of us. I was longing to do something and suggested taking the telegram along to General Birrell, who was the Director of Medical Services.

His tent was easy to find, for he had managed to secure for himself one of those double-fly Indian tents, which were a different shape from the hot cones [bell tents] in which the rest of us slept.

"Who's there?" came the General's muffled voice, as I stood in the entrance and waved my lantern at him. "I have a cable from Anzac, General. It says: 'When does the next hospital ship come? This one is full.'"

I heard the breath of General Birrell coming in puffs of indignation from the bedclothes.

"Tell them General Birrell does not know," he answered fretfully.

"I really cannot send a signal like that," I told him. "I'm sitting up to take the Intelligence telegrams. I have nothing to do with any others. If you wish to send such an answer, sir, you must really send it yourself."

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Close on two o'clock."

"And do you mean to tell me I've been woken up at such an hour to answer a question like that? I never heard of anything so completely ridiculous in my life."

"Ridiculous or not, you must either get up and answer this telegram yourself, or let it go unanswered till morning."

"It's perfectly abominable," the old gentleman groaned.

"Well, I can't stay any longer," I said. "Do you wish me to go back to the Operations tent and tell Colonel Aspinall that you resent being woken up to answer stupid questions?"

"I FEEL most strongly that I have been woken up in a totally unnecessary way," General Birrell insisted.

"I expect they are feeling rather strongly about things on the beach at Anzac just now."

"But what can I do? I haven't the least idea when the next hospital ship is going to Anzac."

"Really, General, I must ask you to take this telegram without further discussion. If you do not intend to get out of bed and send a reply, you can initial it and put the time it was shown to you. Then I will take it back to the O. tent."

"Well, I suppose I'd better send a reply myself."

I heard a creaking of elderly limbs as the D.M.S. got out of bed. After fumbling about with an electric torch he managed to cover his long, lean figure with a woollen dressing-gown. Then he lit his lantern and, snatching the telegram from me, he started off to send his reply. I left him threading his way by lantern light among the tent-ropes and grumbling to himself as the night air played round his ankles.

When I got back to the O. tent I found that Cecil Aspinall, after giving moustaches and beards to all the ladies in the weekly illustrated papers, was now drawing wooden lady after wooden lady of his own invention on sheets of foolscap. Guy Dawnay made himself some cocoa. I sat listlessly reading stale "Tatlers" and "Sketches." The matter in them seemed almost as fatuous as poor old muddle-headed General Birrell.

Two o'clock went by without further news. Guy Dawnay and I walked

out to listen for firing northward. The night was utterly still. General Birrell had gone back to his disturbed sleep. Over the Peninsula the blood-red horn of the waning moon just risen was clawing up at the sky. A rocket flamed on the horizon. A ship was hooting mournfully while it waited to be allowed in through the Kephalos boom. At half-past two somebody in the O. tent produced a bottle of Horlick's malted milk lozenges, and we all sat sucking them in a melancholy. Aspinall must have drawn forty ladies by now, each one becoming a little more wooden than her predecessor. I tried to cheer up things by reading out my scheme for kidnapping the Müller family. Guy Dawnay suggested that I should submit a scheme for kidnapping some of the Brigadiers of the new Divisions.

"Good God!" Aspinall rapped out suddenly. "They must be ashore by now."

A telegram came in to say the fouled cable had been mended. That brigade



L.N.A.

ONE HOME COMFORT CAN STILL BE GOT

Cigarettes were probably the soldiers' most constant solace, for they were not often obliged to go without them, but tea came next, and even under the most unfavourable conditions somehow the kettle was got to boil and the full ritual of the teapot gone through. The scene above is on the Gallipoli Peninsula with the sun rising over the sea, and the soldier, silhouetted against the pale sunlight, is having his cup of early tea. The water ration can be seen on the left.

and a half from Mytilene should be nearly off Suvla at this moment.

At half-past three I went outside again to listen for gunfire. The moon, clear of the mirk of the Peninsula heights by now, was shining very yellow in the eastern sky. But there was no news yet of the Ninth Army Corps, though the first grey of dawn was perceptible.

Then at ten minutes to four an orderly came in with a signal.

"At last!" cried Aspinall, tearing open the envelope. Then "Danin!" he groaned tossing the piece of paper down.

"Bamboozled 800 punctured," said the message.

It was only a code message for the Quartermaster-General's department; but it seemed as if some mocking demon had chosen those two words to tell us that the Suvla landing had failed.

SUVLA AFTER THE FIGHTING HAD DIED DOWN

This photograph, when compared with that in page 493, shows the remarkable change that came over the scene at Suvla within a few weeks of the landing. Ammunition, stores and guns are being landed at a cleverly constructed quay, tents have sprung up and a light railway has been laid, while all the time on the hills in the background the fruitless fight was being bitterly waged.

"But they must be ashore by now," said Aspinall miserably.

It was now four o'clock and time to wake Deedes for the shift from four to seven. But before I woke him I ran down under the paling sky to the Signal tents and asked the sergeant in desperation if there was still no news from Suvla.

"ONLY this, sir," he said, "from the signaller on the New Landing. It was in reply to us, for it seemed so funny not hearing anything from over there."

He wrote out on a form that the signaller of the New Landing reported he could now hear hot musketry and the sound of bursting shells around him.

I hurried back with this message to the O. tent.

"Well, they've landed anyway," said Guy Dawnay grimly.

"Yes, they've landed," Aspinall

agreed. "But this is what we ought to have heard three hours ago."

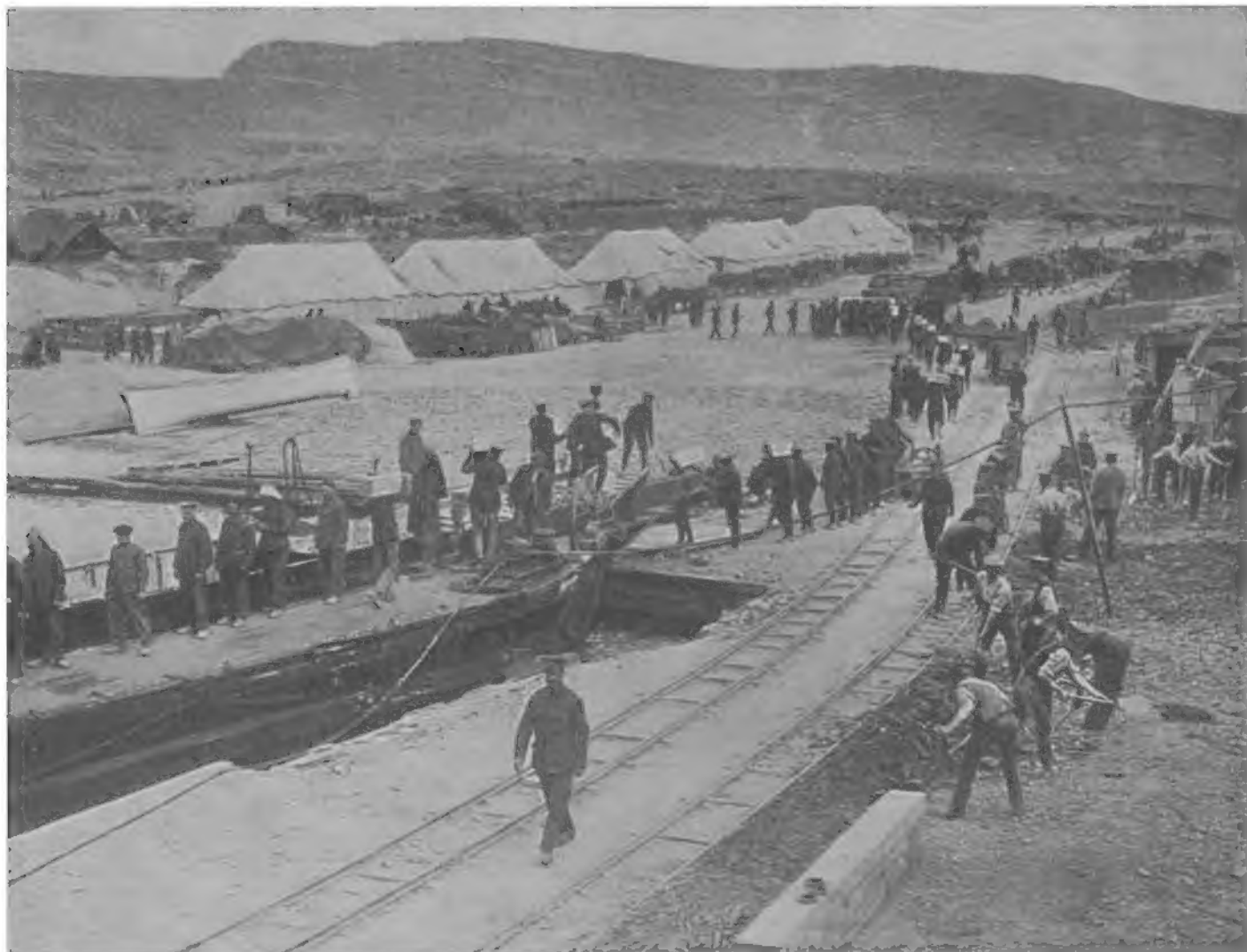
I left them to discuss for the twentieth time what could have been holding up the operation, and went along to wake Deedes, whose tent was at the top of the lines. The moon was now much higher, a frail silver slip of a moon turning to ivory in the pale eastern sky. The little wind of dawn was lispering through the withered herbage and rustling the sand here and there with cat's-paws.

THE guns had started to growl again.

I found Deedes already in his dressing gown, and as he moved nattily about his tent he would stop from time to time to listen if the kettle on his spirit-lamp was beginning to boil. In the glimmering twilight of dawn he looked more than ever like a pious church-worker who was getting ready to attend early service.

I told him about the disappointments of the night. He made no comment, but advised me to get off to bed. So I left him and walked down through the rows of tents which stood out against the

Central Press





wan air of dawn as black as the night, fast receding into the west.

It was a long time before I fell sound asleep, for I kept waking to clutch at phantoms. There was no vestige of hope left in my mind that the Suvla landing could now succeed. I felt as if I had watched a system crash to pieces before my eyes, as if I had stood by the death-bed of an old order. The guns I could hear might have been a growling that foretold the murderous folly of the Somme. The war would last now until we had all turned ourselves into Germans to win it. An absurd phrase went singing through my head. "We have lost our amateur status tonight."

IT was foolish for me, who had been old enough to appreciate the muddle of the South African War, to go on believing in the practical value of the public-school system. I had really for long mistrusted it, but since coming out here I had fallen once more under its spell as I might have fallen under the spell of a story by Rudyard Kipling. Yes, the war would go on now. I must remember to write home tomorrow for more woollen underclothes. We should be here indefinitely now.

THE 'DIGGERS' JUSTIFY THEIR NAME

Digging trenches in the Gallipoli Peninsula was not an easy task, for in the sandy soil of every spadeful thrown out half a spadeful might fall back. These Australian soldiers are beginning their arduous task of "digging-in" under the heat of a semi-tropical sun. Before they have finished they will have abundantly justified their title to be called "diggers," though the name was first used in Australia under very different conditions for the men who prospected for gold.

Queer that a man like Sir Ian Hamilton, so perfectly cut out to ride into Constantinople at the head of a victorious army, should be thwarted of his hope.

He would appear so Wellingtonian, charging up Achi Baba on a black horse and looking back over his shoulder to wave on . . . the picture faded as I woke up fully again—and then I trembled once more upon the verge of sleep with a vision of Sir Ian Hamilton standing beside a drum, the smoke of battle beyond his slim, eager form, a field-marshal's baton grasped tightly in one hand, the injured hand by his side lending an added dignity to his appearance like Nelson's missing arm . . . the smoke of battle . . . and along the horizon the domes and minarets of Constantinople.

People years hence would stare at the heroic picture and never know what the man himself would have

suffered before he could stand proudly up like that as a conqueror. . . .

Once more I was fully awake, and that heroic battle-piece had faded. There were no domes and minarets along the horizon. There was only the long line of tawny cliffs and the sun fast overtaking a frail moon in the blank sky of morning. There were only the flies wandering over my mosquito-net, and an overwhelming desire to sleep while the day was cool.

LAST night must somehow be separated from any other night by sleep. It had been too profoundly moving an experience to melt irritably into another dusty day. It must be enshrined in sleep, and remembered all the rest of my life as a dream in which I had beheld so many other people's dreams topple over and crash. And away in London they would be getting up presently, unaware that during the night the old London had vanished.

**HE WON THE V.C.
AT GALLIPOLI WITH
A SHOVEL**



The extraordinary act of bravery which Private Potts describes so dramatically but yet so modestly in the chapter beginning in the opposite page, was rewarded with the Victoria Cross. He was at the time a private in the 1st Berkshire Yeomanry, T.F. Above, he is seen at his home at Reading, with some of his relations, just after leaving hospital. Left, he appears as he is today, twenty-three years after his brave deed. Below, photographed on the stricken field of Gallipoli, is a shovel of the type used by Private Potts to rescue his comrade.

Photos, Central Press and A. W. Sargent



HOW I WON My V.C.

on HILL 70

by Trooper F. W. O. Potts, V.C.

A *FRONTAL* attack upon a strongly fortified Turkish position stretching from Hill 70 to Hill 112 was made on the afternoon of August 21, 1915. It was in the course of this advance that the teller of this story, Trooper Frederick William Owen Potts, of the 1st Berkshire Yeomanry, was struck down and later performed the unparalleled act for which he was awarded the V.C. For nearly fifty hours Trooper Potts remained under fire with a severely wounded comrade, "although he himself could have returned to safety," says the official record. Finally, the trooper, in the extraordinary manner which he here describes, saved his comrade's life. Trooper Potts was only 22 years old, and the first Yeoman to win the most coveted of all distinctions

I SAW a good deal of the Turks before we came to grips with them near Suvla Bay. I had gone out to Egypt with my regiment, the Berkshire Yeomanry, and for about four months we were doing garrison work and escort work for Turks who had been captured in Gallipoli and the Dardanelles and sent as prisoners of war to Egypt.

As the weeks went by, and no call came to us for active service, we were inclined to be disappointed; but when the four months had gone, the order suddenly came for us to go to Gallipoli.

From Alexandria we sailed in a transport, which occupied four days in reaching Gallipoli. Here we were transhipped to trawlers and barges, and immediately found ourselves in the thick of one of the most tremendous bombardments the world has ever known. We were very lucky in our landing, because we escaped some of the heaviest of the gunfire. The Turks could see us, though we had no sight of them, and whenever a cluster of us was spotted, a shell came crashing over. Thus we had our baptism of fire at the very start.

WE were in an extraordinarily difficult country, and whatever we needed in the way of food and drink we had to carry with us—even the water. Immense numbers of tins had been filled from the Nile and taken to Gallipoli in barges, and this was the water we used for drinking purposes, as well as water which was condensed from the sea and kept in big tanks on the shore. Every drop of water we needed had to be fetched from the shore, and this work proved about the hardest and most dangerous of any we had to do after landing and taking up our position on a hill. Several of our chaps were knocked over in this water-fetching work

While we were at this place we were employed in making roads from Suvla Bay to Anzac, and hard work it was, because the country was all rocks. We had landed light, without blankets or waterproofs, so that we felt the intense cold of the nights very much.

We had a week of this sort of thing, under fire all the time. I think it was on a Sunday we landed, and a week later we heard that we were to take part in the attack on Hill 70, or, as we called it, because of its appearance, Burnt Hill. There were immense quantities of a horrible sort of scrub on it, and a great deal of this stuff had been fired and charred by gunfire. I little knew then how close and long an acquaintance I was to make with the scrub on Hill 70.

UNDER ANZAC CLIFFS

IT was about five o'clock in the evening when the great news came. We were to be ready at seven, and ready we were, glad to be in it. We did not know much, but we understood that we were to take our places in some reserve trenches. Night comes quickly in those regions, and when the day had gone we moved round to Anzac, marching along the roads which we had partially made. We reached Anzac at about two o'clock in the morning, in pitch darkness.

We had a pick and two shovels to four men, and took it in turn to carry them. Each man also carried two hundred rounds of ammunition, so that we were pretty well laden. When we reached Anzac Cove we moved in right under the cliffs, which go sheer down to the sea; but there is practically no tide, so that the beach is safe. The only way to reach the shore was to go in single file down a narrow, twisting pathway.

We were on the beach till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we were ordered to be ready with our packs, and we went up the cliff, again in single file, forming up when we reached the top. Then we went a mile or so along the road we had marched over the night before—all part of the scheme of operations, I take it. Then we cut across to our right and saw a plain called Salt Lake, where we watched a division going into action under heavy shrapnel fire.

We were now in the thick of the awful country which I was to know so well. The surface was all sand and shrubs, and the great peculiarity of the shrubs was that they were very much like our holly trees at home, though the leaves were not so big, but far more prickly. These shrubs were about three feet high, and they were everywhere; but they did not provide any real cover. There were also immense numbers of long creepers and grass, and a lot of dust and dirt. The heat was fearful, so that you can easily understand how hard it was to get along when we were on the move.

These obstacles proved disastrous to many of our chaps when they got into the zone of fire, for the shrapnel set the shrubs ablaze. This meant that many a brave fellow who was hit during the fighting on Hill 70 fell among the burning furze and was burned to death where he lay.

AS we were waiting for our turn, we could see the other chaps picking their way through this burning stuff, and charging on towards the Turkish trenches. When our own turn came, the scrub was burning less fiercely, and to some extent we were able to choose our way and avoid the blazing patches. We ran whenever we got the chance, making short rushes; but when we got into the real zone of fire, we never stopped until we were under the protection of Chocolate Hill.

For half an hour we rested at the foot of this hill. From our position we could not see the Turks, who were entrenched over the top; but their snipers were out and bothering us a good deal. It was impossible to see these snipers, because they hid themselves most cunningly in the bushes, and had their faces and rifles painted the same colour as the surrounding objects. However, we levelled up matters by sending out our own snipers.

We were on the move again as soon as we had got our breath back. We still understood, as we moved to the left of Chocolate Hill, that we were going to occupy reserve trenches. We went through a field of ripe wheat. About two yards in front of me was a



THIS PRISONER WAS WORTH MANY

These three soldiers are bringing in a prisoner worth a good many ordinary soldiers, for he is a sniper. The Turks were fine marksmen, with remarkably keen eyesight, and an unwary enemy would almost certainly be picked off as related by Mr. A. P. Herbert in Chapter 72. As an added precaution against any possibility of escape he has been blindfolded, so that he cannot find his way back. Another sniper is seen in page 500

Imperial War Museum

mate of mine, Reginald West. I saw him struck in the thigh by a sniper's bullet, which went in as big as a pea and came out the size of a five-shilling piece. It was an explosive bullet, one of many that were used against us by the Turks, under their German masters. In a sense West was lucky, because when he was struck down he fell right on the edge of a dug-out, and I heard one of the men shout, "Roll over, mate! Roll over! You'll drop right in here!" And he did.

THE rest of us went on, though in the advance we lost a number of men. Some were killed outright; some were killed by shells and bullets after they had fallen wounded, and some had to lie where they had fallen and do the best they could. We pushed ahead till we struck Hill 70 again.

When we got to the reserve trenches I asked a chap how far away the Turks were, and he answered, "About a thousand yards," but I don't think it was as much as that.

Now we began to ascend Hill 70 in short spurts, halting from time to time. We had fairly good cover, because the scrub was not on fire, though several parts had been burnt out. During one of these halts we were ordered to fix bayonets.

WE had found shelter in a bit of a gully, and were pretty well mixed up with other regiments—the Borderers, Dorsets, and so on. We first got the idea that we were going to charge from an officer near us; but he was knocked out—with a broken arm, I believe—before the charge came off. He was just giving us the wheeze about the coming charge when a bullet struck him.

How did the charge begin? Well, an officer shouted, as far as I can recollect, "Come on, lads! We'll give 'em beans!" That is not exactly according to drill-books and regulations as I know them; but it was enough. It let the boys loose, and they simply leapt forward and went for the Turkish trenches. It was not to be my good fortune to get

into them, however; in fact, I did not get very far after the order to charge was given.

I had gone perhaps twenty or thirty yards when I was knocked off my feet. I knew I was hit. I had a sort of burning sensation; but whether I was hit in the act of jumping, or whether I jumped because I was hit, I do not know. What I do know is that I went up in the air, came down again, and lay where I fell.

I knew that I had been shot at the top of the left thigh, the bullet going clean through and just missing the artery and the groin by an eighth of an inch, as the doctor told me later.

Utterly helpless, I lay there for about three-quarters of an hour, while the boys rushed round me and scattered in the charge. This happened about a quarter of a mile from the top of the hill. I propped myself up on my arm and watched the boys charging.

I heard later that the boys got into the Turkish third trench and that the Turks bolted. When they reached this third trench there were only seventeen Berkshire boys left to hold it. The enemy seemed to get wind of this; then it looked as if all the Turkish army was going for the seventeen, and they had no alternative but to clear out.

AFTER the charge I saw this handful come back down the hill, quite close to where I was lying. I had fallen in a sort of little thicket, a cluster of the awful scrub which was like holly, but much worse. I was thankful for it, however, because it gave me a bit of shelter and hid me from view.

I had been lying there about half an hour when I heard a noise near me and saw that a poor wounded chap, a trooper of the Berkshires, was crawling towards me. I recognized him as a fellow-townsmen.

"Is that you, Andrews?" I asked.

He simply answered "Yes." That was all he could get out.

"I'm jolly pleased you've come," I said, and Andrews crawled as close as he could get, and we lay there, perfectly still, for about ten minutes. Andrews had been shot through the groin, a very dangerous wound, and he was suffering terribly and losing a great deal of blood.

We had been together for a few minutes when another trooper—a stranger to me—crawled up to our hiding-place. He had a wound in the leg. We were so cramped for space under the thicket, that Andrews had to shift as best he could, to make room for the newcomer. That simple act of mercy saved his life, for the stranger had not been with us more than ten minutes when a bullet went through

both his legs and mortally wounded him. He kept on crying for water, but we had not a drop amongst the three of us, and could not do anything to quench his awful thirst.

That fearful afternoon passed slowly, with its grizzling heat and constant fighting, and the night came quickly. The night hours brought us neither comfort nor security, for a full moon shone, making the countryside as light as day. The cold was intense. The stranger was practically unconscious and kept moving about, which made our position worse, because every time he moved the Turks banged at us.

I WAS lying absolutely as flat as I could, with my face buried in the dirt, for the bullets were peppering the ground all around us, and one of them actually grazed my left ear—you can see the scar it has made, just over the top. This wound covered my face with blood. Was I scared or frightened? I can honestly say that I was not. I had got beyond that stage, and almost as a matter of course I calmly noted the details of everything that happened.

Throughout the whole of that unspeakable night this poor Bucks Hussar chap hung on. He kept muttering, "Water! Water!" But we could not give him any. When the end came he simply lay down and died right away, and his dead body stayed with us, for we could neither get away nor move him.

During the whole of the next day we lay in our hiding-place, suffering indescribably. The sun, thirst, hunger, and our wounds, all added to our pain. In our desperation we picked bits off the stalks of the shrubs and tried to suck them; but we got no relief in that way.

WE CRAWLED FOR NINE HOURS

THE whole of the day went somehow—with such slowness that it seemed as if it would never end. It was impossible to sleep—fighting was going on all the time, and the noise was terrific. We could not see anything of our boys, and we knew that it was impossible for any stretcher-bearers to get through to us, because we were a long way up the hill and no stretcher-bearers could venture out under such a terrible fire.

Night came again at last, and Andrews and myself decided to move, because it was certain death from thirst and hunger to remain where we were, even if we escaped from bullets. So I began to move away by crawling, and Andrews followed as best he could. I would crawl a little way and wait till Andrews, poor fellow, could crawl up to me again.

We managed to wriggle about three hundred yards that night—as near as I

can judge. Starting at about a quarter-past six, as soon as the day was done, it was about three in the morning when we decided to rest, so that if we had really done three hundred yards we had crawled at the rate of only thirty-three yards an hour!

A great number of rifles were lying about. I tried many of them, and at last found one that seemed to be in good working order, and to my joy I came across about fifty rounds of ammunition. Another serviceable rifle was found, so that Andrews and myself were filled with a new hope.

"We'll die like Britons, at any rate!" said Andrews. "We'll give a good account of ourselves before we go!" And I agreed with him.

We were now some distance from the Turks, and I was terribly anxious to shoot at them; but Andrews was more cautious. "If you fire they'll discover us, and we shall be done for!" he said. Then we shook hands fervently, because we both believed our end was near. Together we offered up prayers.

We had managed to crawl to a bit of shelter which was given by some burnt-out scrub, and here we went to sleep, simply because we were too much exhausted to keep awake. It was a fitful slumber, though, for we were nearly frozen, despite the fact that we covered ourselves with empty sandbags which we found lying about.

BLOOD AND WATER

WHEN the morning came we made a move, and for the first time we were able to get some water; but only by taking the water-bottles from the poor chaps who had been killed. Then we crept back to our shelter.

Andrews was bleeding terribly—every time he moved he bled; but I did the best I could for him with my iodine—I dressed him with mine, and he dressed me with his, and splendid stuff it is. Though we had nothing to eat we did not really feel hungry now—we were past the eating stage. I was very lucky in having four cigarettes and some matches, and I risked a smoke, the sweetest I ever had in my life.

Again we stuck the awful day through. I was terribly anxious to move and get out of it all at any cost; but still Andrews was very cautious. "No, we won't try till it gets dark," he said. I felt that he was right, and so we waited, as patiently as we could, for the night.

When the third night on the hill came we were fairly desperate, knowing that something would have to be done if we meant to live, and that certain death awaited us where we were. We

had nothing to eat and nothing to drink except the water—frightful stuff, but swallowed greedily and thankfully. We did not for a moment suppose that we should live to reach the British lines, which we believed to be not far away; but we risked everything on the effort, and in the moonlight we began to wriggle off. We had managed to get no more than half a dozen yards when Andrews had to give it up. I myself, though I was the stronger and better of the two, could scarcely crawl. Every movement was a torture and a misery, because of the thorns that stuck into us from the horrible scrub.

WE had kept the sandbags, and with my help Andrews managed to get them over his arms and up to his shoulders. I fastened them with the pieces of string they have, and these gave him a good deal of protection, though the thorns got through and punished us cruelly. I was picking them out of my hands for three weeks afterwards.

Having crawled these half-dozen yards, we gave up the attempt altogether, and once more pondered over our lot. We could see a cluster of trees not far away, about a hundred yards, and there was one that looked fairly tall.

"If we can get to that tree," said Andrews, "I could lie there, if I had some water, and perhaps you could strike some of our chaps and bring help." I had little hope from such an effort as that. Then Andrews unselfishly urged me to look after myself; but, of course, I would not dream of leaving him. I offered to carry him, and I tried, but I was far too weak.

What in the world was to be done? How were we to get out of this deadly place? There seemed no earthly hope of escape, when, literally like an inspiration, a way out was revealed.

Just near us was an ordinary entrenching shovel, which had been dropped, or had belonged to some poor chap who had fallen—I can't say which, but there it was. I crawled up and got hold of it, and before we quite knew what was happening, Andrews was resting on it, and I was doing my best to drag him out of danger.

I cannot say whose idea this was, but it is quite likely that Andrews thought of it first.

He sat on the shovel as best he could—he was not fastened to it—with his legs crossed, the wounded leg over the sound one, and he put his hands back and clasped my wrists as I sat on the ground behind and hauled away at the handle.

Several times he came off, or the shovel fetched away, and I soon saw

that it would be impossible to get him away in this fashion.

When we began to move, the Turks opened fire on us; but I hardly cared now about the risk of being shot, and for the first time since I had been wounded I stood up and dragged desperately at the shovel, with Andrews on it. I managed to get over half a dozen yards, then I was forced to lie down and rest. Andrews needed a rest just as badly as I did, for he was utterly shaken and suffered greatly.

I DRAGGED HIM ON A SHOVEL

WE started again at about a quarter-past six, as soon as the night came, and for more than three mortal hours we made this strange journey down the hillside; and at last, with real thankfulness, we reached the bottom and came to a bit of a wood. Sweet beyond expression it was to feel that I could walk upright, and that I was near the

British lines. This knowledge came to me suddenly when there rang through the night the command: "Halt!"

I obeyed—glorious it was to hear that challenge in my native tongue, after what we had gone through. Then this good British sentry said: "Come up and be recognized!" not according to the regulation challenge, but good enough for me—and he had seen us quite clearly in the moonshine.

UP I staggered and found myself face to face with the sentry, whose rifle was presented, ready for use, and whose bayonet gleamed in the cold light.

"What's up?" asked the sentry, who did not seem to realize what had actually happened.

"I've got a chap out here wounded," I told him, "and I've dragged him down the hill on a shovel. Can you give me a hand?"

The sentry seemed to understand like

a flash. He walked up to the trench, and when I had made myself clear, three or four chaps bustled round and got a blanket, and I led them to the spot where I had left Andrews lying on the ground. We lifted him off the shovel, put him on the blanket, and carried him to the trench. These men were, I think, Inniskilling Fusiliers, and they did everything for us that human kindness could suggest. They gave me some rum and bully beef and biscuit, and it was about the most delightful meal I ever had in my life, because I was famishing and I was safe, with Andrews, after those dreadful hours on the hillside, which seemed as if they would never end.

When we had rested and pulled round a bit, we were put on stretchers and carried to the nearest dressing-station. Afterwards we were sent to Malta.

The granting of the Victoria Cross for what I had done came as a complete surprise to me, because it never struck me that I had done more than any other British soldier would have done for a comrade. I never lost heart during all the time that I was lying on Hill 70. Many old things came clearly up in my mind, and many an old prayer was uttered.

PATCHING UP A PAL

This Australian soldier has literally "caught it in the neck," though not too badly. Here the invaluable field-dressing is being applied as a temporary measure until he can be got to the field-dressing station. The field-dressing was contained in a packet sewn to the clothing of every officer and man. It consisted of a pad of sterilized gauze, to which was fastened a bandage to hold it in place, and iodine.

Imperial War Museum



I Had to SHOOT My FRIENDS

Insane Carnage on a Gallipoli Farm

by Digger Craven

HERE is a grim account of insane carnage on the Peninsula by Digger Craven, whose earlier reminiscences, related to W. S. Blackledge, appeared in Chapter 76. In four days and three nights of fighting 16,000 men were lost. In this chapter this New Zealand private relates how, in order to save his wounded friends from a horrible death in the blazing scrub, he was compelled to shoot them

By heavens! I believe they've got it!"

Red looked like nothing on earth. He was incredibly dirty, splashed with rubble and dust, and his eyes were almost as red as his hair. I suppose we were all in much the same case. But the news that came down to us on the lower slopes that the summit had been taken heartened us beyond measure. It might be another of those rumours... But we were ready to believe anything then.

Even as we staggered over the ruined fields of The Farm—they were ploughed up as if a giant tractor had passed over them—we became aware of the intensified struggle up and beyond us. The fire increased. We could hear again the wild cries of the Osmanlis, the weird bleating yells of breathless men calling their Maker. All was not well up there. Something had misfired.

We were to learn that after our own cannon had blasted the advance column, the victors who had reached the summit, the Turks turned on the remnants, slaughtered them unmercifully, beat them back over the top and down again. In that early morning light we were witnesses of the most ghastly struggle. Men were at death grips with each other, a score of deadly duels, a hundred individual scraps, while back and back our men fell. The Turks broke through them. They were lost to view, crushed, trampled, literally swept to death by the massed hordes that now came over the hill and down towards The Farm.

AWAY on the south-western section of the ridge the line held, but in front of us, in the vicinity of The Farm, there began the bloodiest battle of the whole campaign. It went on throughout the whole of that fateful ninth of August. Attack after attack was repulsed. But the Moslem fanatics, the Turks and their Arab brethren, came on again and again, gathering force in this frightful conflict for a hill-top.

Slithering and stumbling about the slopes, we fought through the whole of that accursed day, from the eerie light of early morn till darkness fell over us like a dropped curtain. We had been fighting for three days and three nights. We were weary beyond human conception.

In all, we were some five thousand men on Chunuk Bair and within a quarter of a mile of its summit at The Farm. And against us were the Turks' reinforcements—some fifteen thousand men. They descended upon us in a dense, black, screaming mass, so thickly ranked that they could advance shoulder to shoulder, and six to eight deep. They came and we sprayed them with machine-gun bullets, threw bombs in the packed mass, tore gaps into them with volley after volley of rifle-fire. From our miserable holes and bits of breast-works we annihilated their advance line.

AGAINST APPALLING ODDS

THEN we rose to meet the second with bayonets, knives, entrenching tools, cut and battered them to bits despite their overwhelming superiority of numbers. The din of battle was deafening—the cries of infuriated men, the scream of shells, the hoarse blood-curdling screech of a bunch of mules blown to pieces, the stuttering crackle of machine-guns, and the raucous bawling of those Osmanlis who came into battle with Allah on their lips all created an inferno of sound, a tumultuous uproar that is past belief.

They came on us in storming waves. The third line broke us, forced us back on our pitiful apology for trenches, leapt into our holes and hacked right and left into a confused jumble of destruction and death. The remnants fell back to the second line of trenches, rallied, stiffened, fired into the charging wall of men, killing and wounding hundreds in a deathly hail of musketry. But we could not hold them. Nothing could stop that dense multitude.

We were thrust out again—but not beaten. Men formed in groups and charged, rallied again and again, forced

the mass to waver, to stand and fight, struggling and striving body to body. Giant round bombs bounded into our lines, burst, sent a shower of steel in all directions.

Thereafter bloody massacre around The Farm—The Farm of Chunuk Bair that no man who was there and survived will ever forget. The story of that grim plateau, and the nullahs surrounding it which for years afterwards were found to be "thigh-deep" with whitening human bones, is one that can never be told in anything like comprehensive detail. Every man's view was different, for each saw in it only that which came within his own little orbit.

When the British force rallied on that historic ground all organized formations had disappeared. Brigades which had been split up, almost annihilated, became a confusion of units, companies were intermixed, English, Scots, Irish, Indian, New Zealanders, Aussies and Turks were inextricably commingled in an ensanguined free-for-all mêlée that has no parallel in military history. The losses in officers, from generals downwards, who fought side by side with the troops, were terrible.

But the men fought on in groups, dropping their scientific weapons and flying at each other's throats. The imagination boggles at such an insane vision. Momentarily it had ceased to be a war. We clutched at each other then, fiends out of hell, no longer human, Christians and Moslems in a wild and reckless abandon of rough-housing.

NOTHING in the world is as loathsome as the sight of human beings who have forgotten they are human beings. It is no mere expression to say we caught one another by the throat. We rolled about the dirt locked in death grips. We used stones, knives, bayonets, clubs, even fists, hurled ourselves upon one another in a fiendish bestiality. And the hullabaloo we set up was the concerted snarling of wild beasts in the jungle around The Farm.

In spite of the appalling odds against us, Johnny Turk was beaten to a standstill. He could drive us no farther down. He went back to his point of vantage on the crest of the ridge. He left thousands of dead and dying all over the hill-sides—but the hill-top was still his. Four days and three nights of wholesale slaughter had availed us nothing. We had to let him retire up the hill because we could not climb any more. We beat at his stragglers, clubbed them to death, bayoneted them behind as they turned from this hideous, maniacal conflict. I saw men wielding rifles like clubs, saw their foaming mouths, heard their shrill laughter.

We did not drive Johnny from The Farm. He forsook it as if it were some plague spot peopled by the raging spirits of darkness. We too forsook The Farm. It was left to the dead and the dying and the carnivorous birds of the air. Chunuk and its road to victory was not for us. We had fought from Friday night to Tuesday evening in a wilderness of tangled scrub and precipitous rock and innumerable gullies, in blazing sun and in pitch darkness, without rest, with very little food and an appalling lack of water, on hills afire and crags that rotted to our tread; and in all that effort of pain and blood and sweat and wasted gallantry we gained not a single position of tactical or strategical importance.

We knew that the Turks were shaken, that another battle would break them; but we were too fed, too sullen, too exhausted to care what happened then. We had neither guns, men nor munitions for further effort. We had lost 16,000

men killed, wounded and missing. All that dreadful night of the tenth we lay in the dirt, sleeping by fits and starts, listening sometimes to the incessant rumble and clatter of the moving column in the valley below us, not a column on the march, but a long column of wounded and stricken being conveyed down the line. To be wounded meant to be seriously wounded, for none of us had escaped wounds of one kind or another. We were all of us scarred and blood-smeared and incredibly filthy.

FOR days afterwards we lived in trenches with regiments of dead. We ate, drank and slept among them, for the reconstruction of our lines was a Herculean task, and there were so few in the grand total to tackle it. The dead—British, Arab, Turk and Indian—were with us so long that we came to know them. In the daily activities of the trench warfare which followed, while carrying rations, water and ammunition,

we would pass bays or broken trenches where the dead must be left to rot until enough men could be rounded up to remove them. One knew those crumpled shapes. They were always black with flies. One came to recognize them—the grotesqueness of a rump, an arm, a head, the torn and tattered scraps of rags left by the rodents.

These regiments of dead lay not merely over No Man's Land, but sprawled horribly on the parapets along the whole front, heaped up like logs in places, in others lying half in and half out of the trenches.

It is one thing to have several thousands of men slain in battle, but quite another to get rid of their bodies. And it seemed as if we had them all—Johnny's as well as our own!

All through the sweltering days we would look up and see them there. As the trenches were deepened and strengthened many of them were buried under the earth that was thrown out; and that was pretty grim, even for Gallipoli. Moreover, the ever-busy Turkish snipers made it impossible for us to do much with those that looked, uninvited, over the parapets. We had to get between them with our

BOTH MAKING LIGHT OF IT

This wounded Australian soldier has "stopped one" at Walker's Ridge, one of the many spots in Gallipoli named by the soldiers from personal associations. The smile on the face of the man who is carrying his comrade shows that both of them are making light of it, he of his burden, the burden of his wound. Below the Ridge can be seen North or Ocean Beach.

Imperial War Museum





THEY CLIMBED THESE CLIFFS UNDER FIRE

Gully Beach, seen above at the foot of the gully from which it took its name, was the scene of hard fighting early in May 1915. The Gully ran from close to Knithia, at a slight angle to the coast, to a beach just south of "Y" Beach. On the top of the cliffs the Turks had a strongly fortified position, and in an attempt to take it by a surprise attack Gurkhas climbed up such cliffs as these with no foothold but the small cavities made by erosion, only to be beaten back by intense machine gun fire.

Imperial War Museum



**GALLIPOLI WOUNDED
JOURNEY 1,000 MILES
TO HOSPITAL**

On hospital ships and transports, the former for the stretcher cases, the latter for the walking wounded, the men who fought and fell at Gallipoli were taken by sea to Alexandria and thence by train to Cairo. Above, from one of the well-equipped hospital trains of the Egyptian Government stretcher cases are being unloaded, to be carried to the waiting ambulances, right, and rushed to a hospital. Below, from a train of ordinary coaches, the walking wounded are making their own way to hospital.





IT WAS HEAVEN TO THEM AFTER GALLIPOLI

No troops had a harder task or endured more terrible conditions than those that fought in Gallipoli, but as some small consolation the wounded passed their convalescence amidst ideal surroundings, in the sunshine of Egypt, unclouded by war. Above are wounded men from Gallipoli sunning themselves on the terrace of one of the Australian hospitals at Cairo. Below are convalescents enjoying themselves on the artificial lake near the hospital.



periscope rifles and keep a section of the enemy busy while others removed these things that seemed to stare down on us with their sightless eyes—reproachfully, maybe—and caused the most callous of us to break into nervous sweats.

Nights were nights of horror. There were burial fatigues. We had to drag them away from the lines at dead of night, often under fire, and cover them hastily with a few scrapings of earth. Johnny Turk was somewhat chastened during the few days that followed the big battle. We were labouring through the nights at burying the bodies. It was hellish work, but it was even more hellish to have them staring at us. We went to it careless of sleep or rest. We must get rid of the flies and the stench and the creeping horror of it all.

STENCH OF THE DEAD

It was eerie work. We took turns at heaving them out of holes we wanted to use into other holes we didn't want and could hastily fill in. Many of them in the open graveyard of No Man's Land had to stay there, but in the immediate neighbourhood of the trenches we worked like galley slaves night after night. We used gas masks, but found them too hot and too stifling. Besides, they seemed to carry the smell of the dead within them, or was it that we had the stench in our lungs and couldn't get it out?

We came upon old pals, then, fellows we'd known for months. We hardly recognized them. They had turned black . . . reeked . . . were hideous, and the creatures that fed there shot away even as we tumbled them into crude graves. A man would lift his foot angrily at the fleeing rat and blaspheme. That one's own pals should be reduced to carrion meat in so short a time . . .

AFTER that there were a few days of respite for soul-weary men, so that we were able for a few hours each day to slip down to the beach, shed our filthy clothes and dive into the cleansing waters of the sea. It was heavenly. I, naturally, kept a wary eye on the bursting shells. I didn't want another packet like the last one, or the mob would be saying I did it on purpose . . .

Then came another red date, another break from the monotony of trench life. It seemed there were gaps between us and the line at Suvla. We had the trifling task of capturing the Turkish stronghold on Hill 60. Once that was accomplished the line from Anzac to Suvla would be impregnable, and then we could settle down to the less strenuous game of trench warfare again. We knew our Hill 60, but anything for a change.

Hill 60 was never taken. After all the lessons and experiences and fiascos and disasters of the Peninsula, the attacking force was called upon to open this crazy offensive by crossing the wide plain of an exposed valley continually swept by the enemy's guns from higher ground, and in broad daylight! It was the last straw!

HILL 60 was a low, flat-topped mound girdled by trenches at the summit. In an attempt to take this position the South Wales Borderers, Connaught Rangers, a Gurkha brigade, old campaigners and men of the New Army, co-operated with the New Zealand and Australian contingents. After a preliminary bombardment by the artillery—at about three of a blazing afternoon—the force went forward in three waves, advancing across an open valley under a terrific heat haze and loaded with picks and shovels in addition to the usual weight of equipment—we must have carried not less than forty pounds' weight on our backs.

"How long, O Lord! How long!"

Red could still grin as we ran, dodged, doing a double at the crouch, while shells whistled and wailed and exploded and filled great spaces with blackness, clods of earth, falling fragments. They came over with the shriek of all the devils in Hell. Bombs (enormous fellows) bounced towards us, ricocheting and careering crazily, exploding with deafening roar. Streaks of glare from the shells shot through the thick haze and the kicked-up dust. Bullets from rifle and machine-gun droned and piped over us.

INSANE ATTACK ON HILL 60

THE automatic guns opened up on us before we had gone a few yards. We dropped, fired in a few rounds, then up again, pushing another yard or two. It is damned hard fighting in the open and in broad daylight, especially when your enemy is securely entrenched. They swept our advance line as with the swathe of some gigantic scythe. Clouds of dense smoke hung heavy on the haze of that hot afternoon. In a measure it saved a great number of us. Just the same, men were dropping like rotten sheep all over the place.

A score of times we dashed for cover in that monstrous charge, using boulders, clumps of scrub, dead men—anything, anywhere for a breather. For as much as a whole minute at a time we'd stop, crouching low while officers yelled themselves hoarse. Critics may say what they like about this insane attack on Hill 60, but the fact was there was no heart in the troops any more. They were through. When a fellow stood up

to his full height and ran into it, we knew he was fed up with it all and wanted to go home. Hundreds did during that sunny afternoon. Hill 60 was anti-climax, and every man knew it was. Of all the death-traps this was the biggest. Men muttered and cursed in the desolation of this hopelessness.

"If ever I get out of this, I'll be court-martialled before I'll stand-to for another!"

BLOOD AND FILTH OF BATTLE

RED's face looked awful as he muttered those words. His face was grey and haggard, scarred and patched with dried blood. Even his red hair had ceased to bristle. His eyes were dull. This giant of a man was now just an elongated framework of bones on which his clothes hung. Even in the middle of all the blood and filth of battle I could still look towards Red. We were never far apart. Instinct kept us close. It seemed we had been together for years, in and out of trenches, chasing Johnny or being chased, and always with that tumultuous roar of fire. We had an idea that if ever we really got separated it would be the end of us! That's why I didn't believe Red when, in the heat of that unholy scramble, he growled about desertion rather than face another spot.

We were crouching under a little ridge topped with bush. In half an hour there wasn't any more left of that first wave of men who had charged Johnny's trenches. It was as if they'd never been. Every man Jack of 'em was gone from our view—killed or captured or lying wounded in front of those accursed ditches which bristled with rifles and machine-guns. There were only the smashed and the dying.

THEN the shells started burning up the scrub again, and what worried us in that third wave of the advance was that the fire was spreading, crawling and crackling over the earth like a prairie fire. We'd seen some fires during that campaign, Red and I; dashed through a few of 'em. But this one topped them all. The scrub and undergrowth was as dry as tinder.

The fire licked its way over vast areas of the ground. The men in front were caught in the flames. It was spreading fan-wise over the lower slopes of the hill. It crawled over the earth like some evil thing, a holocaust come to convince us—did we need any convincing—that we might batter ourselves for ever against these fiery mounds of Gallipoli and we should batter in vain.

We stared in horror at that expanding carpet of fire. We saw wounded men



TOMMY TENDS A WOUNDED 'JOHNNY' TURK

The bitter fighting and the hardships, the horrors and heavy losses which characterized the Gallipoli campaign, did not blot out the spirit of chivalry, for, in spite of all, both British and Turk realized that each was facing a gallant foe. Especially was this noticeable when wounded men fell into the hands of the enemy. All casualties were treated alike, and instances of the kind depicted here were common after an action on the Peninsula.



AT REST A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM WAR

The terribly heavy toll of wounded in the Gallipoli campaign made the task of dealing with them one of supreme difficulty. It was obviously impossible to provide any hospital accommodation on the Peninsula, so from the dressing stations where they had received first-aid the men stricken in that terrible conflict had to be taken on lighters to hospital ships and transports for trans-shipment to Egypt, the nearest point at which adequate medical and surgical attention could be given to them.



THEY HAD SURVIVED THE HORRORS OF GALLIPOLI

L N A

Every available building in Cairo became for the time a hospital, and even so the heroes of Gallipoli were inadequately accommodated. This photograph shows a scene in one of the temporary hospitals in Cairo, at the height of the campaign. In peace time it was a skating rink, but now the floor is crowded with beds as closely as it had ever been with skaters; while even the galleries are lined with beds. Everything possible has been done to make the men comfortable, and each man has his own locker.



HE TOOK DEATH FOR A SWIM

Lieutenant D'Oyley Hughes, who was serving in Submarine E.11 when she penetrated into the Sea of Marmara, volunteered to swim ashore on the night of August 21, 1915, to blow up the Ismid railway line. He is here seen ready for the attempt. On the raft, which he pushed before him as he swam ashore, were the demolition charges, his clothes, a bayonet, a revolver and an electric torch, while a whistle was slung round his neck. After two attempts he got ashore and reached his objective. He placed his charge in position, but the firing of the fuse pistol alarmed the Turks, and Lieutenant Hughes had a narrow escape as he ran back to his raft. The charge exploded effectively just as he reached the water. He swam out to sea blowing his whistle until his submarine picked him up. For this exploit he was awarded the D.S.O.

crawling and scrambling from the flames, and as they got clear of the fire they were shot dead by jeering Turks. Those who were too badly wounded to make the attempt were burned alive.

The stench of it all hung on the thick haze. Volumes of smoke rose until it seemed that all the world was afire.

COMING atop of all the other reverses and repulses and defeats, that overspreading fire rendered us helpless and hopeless, destroyed utterly the last remnants of faith and confidence, brought the final touch of despair to war-sickened and weary men. Everybody knew we should never gain the summit of Hill 60. Our disillusionment was complete. That fire not only changed the face of the earth, it changed everything in that little world in front of Anzac.



Daily Express

HE DESTROYED E.7

The exploits of the submarine E.7 and her sister submarines during the hazardous days of 1915 in the Dardanelles are amongst the most thrilling and stirring stories of the British Navy in the Great War. Ex-Chief Petty-Officer Sims, who is seen above as he was twenty-three years ago, served in the E.7 and was aboard her on her last tremendous adventure.

LOOKING back, I should rightly treat all Fifties of September as days of high jubilation, for they are anniversaries of an occasion when my mates and I were faced by Death, and felt his chilling hand laid on our hearts.

Yet I am here to write my story. But that day was rounded off by an event that stamped it as one of the saddest days of my life. I know that all men of the sea, and possibly many landmen, will understand. When we set out on this war-time venture we were in high spirits. It was up the Dardanelles again. We had won

But at least we had the satisfaction of knowing that we'd put some of our comrades out of their misery. How could we lie there, a little party adrift under a ridge, and watch those fellows burned alive?

To see them squirming and struggling to get clear of the licking flames, to hear their screams—it was more than we could stand. We took aim... even as the flames licked about them, setting fire to their clothing.

"GOD forgive us!" muttered Red. His blood-shot eyes were wet. I am not ashamed to admit that mine were, too. I'd seen many die in all sorts of weird ways—but never like that. Even where we lay, some four hundred yards away, we could feel the singeing heat of that ghastly fire. Men swore that the ground had been prepared, that Johnny Turk had been out of a night

with a hose of petrol gushing a stream over the crackly scrub and bush.

Certainly it blazed with intense ferocity, travelling over the ground like liquid fire, so swiftly did it spread, destroying everything in its trail, leaving a vast parched blackness over which could be seen those who had failed to escape, blackened, smouldering heaps of debris, broken rifles with charred butts, tangles of rag ash that had once been—a long time ago—uniforms with buttons and insignia of regiment industriously polished. For what? To become these little heaps of black dust.

Things stood out over that burned-out waste—tarnished metal, jags and strips of shell, tangled wire, rifles, bayonets, entrenching tools, little heaps of cartridge cases—where men had lain or crouched to fire, where they had died at their posts and left naught but these tell-tale bits and pieces to mark their passage.

* 97 September 5, 1915

TWELVE HOURS TRAPPED in SUBMARINE

How I Blew Up Our Glorious E.7

by Ex-Chief Petty-Officer 'Bob' Sims

E.7, under Lt.-Commander Cochrane, was famous for her exploits in the Sea of Marmara during the month of July 1915, when she destroyed much enemy shipping, blew up Turkish powder mills and munition sheds and damaged two troop trains. On September 5, while engaged on a similar exploit, the E.7 was trapped in a net under the Dardanelles. What happened forms the subject of this thrilling chapter by a petty-officer who was in the submarine and endured this alarming experience

through the Narrows twice and had played havoc with the Turk and his German ally. Our short rest at Mudros had brought us back to A.1 condition. We were taking up the game where we had left off.

There was even a feeling of exultation aboard, for we had somehow sensed that our skipper, "Archie" Cochrane [now Sir Archibald Cochrane, Governor of Burma], had a scheme in cold storage that would astound Johnny Turk.

We know now that it was so, and had fortune been kinder our boat would have blazed the trail for a naval exploit that might have had far-reaching consequences in the conduct of the war.

We nosed our way up the Narrows to the inner defences. The menaces were familiar to us now, but none the less to be respected and feared.

There were the same nets and the lines of mines, ten of them, strung out with their monstrous globes of destruction.

Their position was known to our skipper. Prior to any submarine activity on our side, the course was flown over for observation, generally by "Dare-Devil" Samson [Commander Samson, D.S.O., R.N., the famous naval airman, for whose capture the Germans offered £1,000 during the war], the little bearded terror of our enemies both in France and the Mediterranean.

The real danger was not in diving down under the nets, but in coming up. Then, even the most careful calculations could not eliminate the risk of plunging into the net of steel, and possibly of immediate annihilation by a mine.

The terror that the British submarine raids had caused in the Sea of Marmara had spurred the enemy to a tenfold vigilance. Despite this, we had cleared all obstacles except the last net off Nagara Point.

At about 6.30 a.m.—a beautiful, fresh, sunny morning—we were moving near

the surface, periscope showing, within two hundred yards of Kilid Bahr, when suddenly shells began to scream about us from the three shore batteries.

We dived, but came up shortly after to take a "sight." Our skipper spotted the Nagara net, and we dived again. Our depth gauge showed about a hundred feet.

"Full speed both motors," was Cochrane's command.

The drone of the motors was the only sound to be heard, except for the voices of a group of my mates, who were playing cards on the battery boards.

All at once there was a terrific shock, as if we had run into a sea-wall—a jar that staggered the boat and flung us off our balance and sent the cards skimming in all directions.

I REMEMBER Asher Coates, of the engine-room, wailing: "There goes my nap hand!" Poor Asher, he was never to hold another nap hand or to play cards again. He died a prisoner of war in Turkey.

Within a few seconds there was again a frightful jar, and we were flung in the opposite direction. At once we realized what had happened. We were in the net. The first shock was the impact, and the second the recoil.

Only one man had true knowledge of our very real danger, and that was our skipper. And he was as cool and unperturbed in face and manner as when we were in our previous plight in the net. But then you never could tell what was in the wind by "Archie's" face.

"Stop both motors," was his command.

Our bows had cut through the net, which had partly wrapped round us, and our starboard motor was practically put out of action, due to a fuse of the starting resistances. The propeller was useless.

Then Commander Cochrane put the ship through all her tricks, like a circus horse. We went hard apart with the port motor at full speed.

WE turned and twisted in the hope of forcing our way through the massive stranded entanglements. We backed and rose and dived, using the helm and the hydroplanes at all angles.

But each effort seemed to snare us more securely, and brought us up tightly parallel to the net. We were like a fly tangled in a web. And the spider was waiting for us up there, above.

An hour had passed since the impact when there came a roaring sound that culminated in an enormous bark which reverberated dully, rocking the boat violently.

We had been spotted, of course, by the watchers of the net; and our position given away by our tug on the anchored jack-stay and the barrel-buoys. The enemy were seeking us out with depth-charges.

The E.7 suffered little damage, however: Our skipper persevered in his efforts to get us clear. We went full speed ahead and full speed astern. We rose, tilting at a dangerous angle, and dived, straining against the net's tentacles.

It seemed at times that we jerked and leaped like a caged rat. But there was no shifting her. I could have laid a bet that Davy Jones had got us in his net for keeps. We were held fast fore and aft.

After two hours of these strainings and contortions there came an interruption. In a way, we had been expecting it; but, although expected, it was unwelcome—decidedly unwelcome.

A tremendous explosion suddenly flung us helter-skelter, and I thought that my ear-drums had burst. A mine or an enormous depth-charge had been detonated close to our hull.

AGAIN there was no vital damage done. In fact, the enemy did us quite a good turn. For on attempting to manoeuvre the boat once more, it was found that she answered much more freely. The explosion had shaken off some of the giant's bonds that had been fastened about us.

We learned afterwards that our commander leaned on this hope, that further explosions might shake off most of the remaining bonds.

He decided, therefore, to make as much depth as possible and remain deep until it was dark. There might be other welcome depth-charges! Then he would attempt to come to the surface in the hope of clearing the obstruction completely.

ON FIRE UNDER THE SEA!

MORE grave problems were crowding about us. You lose a lot of battery power in rising and diving through the Straits, with the excessive strain that is put on both motors.

The starboard was now practically out of action, due to the fused starting resistances. Molten copper and other metal sprayed out, and from time to time I got it hot—a real Turkish shower-bath.

Worse still, some of the molten copper fell among a bale of cotton-waste and speedily there was a small blaze aboard.

Had it not been for the lightning-like, plucky action of Paddy Doyle, the boxer, Stoker "Bobo" Pope, and cheery Jack Harrison, chief engine-room

artificer, we should have been only memories today; for we were packed with explosives aboard. It was a real sailor-like job.

"Hell's bells," shouted one of them as he rolled on the last embers. And it was. But we were to hear hell's bells more clearly before our adventure was done.

Our battery power was running low. While the motors were on strain, the lights were dimmed down. When the motors were resting, there was still a fair light. A queer picture comes to my mind now.

I was amused to see two of my mates, shortly after the second explosion, with seemingly no alternatives before them but death above or death below, vigorously polishing away at some already surpassingly bright metal-work.

THE skipper called us for'ard. In a few simple words he told us of certain possibilities and our chance of coming out of the trap alive.

"The enemy are on top. It's a cat-and-mouse act now. If we have to come up, you must all be prepared to swim for it," he said.

Leading-Stoker Wilson piped up:

"What about me, sir? I can't swim."

Now it was a strange fact that Wilson couldn't swim. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't learn. For a whole month one or another of us had taken him in hand to try to teach him the elements.

But, although accomplished in many other directions, his talents didn't run that way. So when he said:

"What about me, sir? I can't swim," the effect on us can be imagined when "Johnno" Johnson's voice boomed out: "It's a plum-coloured good chance for you to learn now!"

There was a tremendous shout of laughter, followed, after a pause for thought, by a deep-chested guffaw from Wilson himself.

"Johnno" Johnson (nicknamed "K ninety-free, ninety-free") was a real card. He had had some amazing escapes. He was in the Hogue when she was torpedoed. Picked up by the Cressy, he was torpedoed again half an hour later.

Then he came to submarines for a quiet life, I suppose. He was convinced that the Germans would never get him, so he became something of a mascot on board the E.7.

But Commander Cochrane had not yet given up hope of escape. He burned certain secret documents in a bucket and watched them until they were entirely charred.

Then we dived. I don't know how far down we dived, but it was a very great depth—maybe 180 feet—though the official record puts it at 250 feet.

I know that the prodigious strain that the E.7 put on the net in diving to that depth must have marked our position exactly to the enemy observers above.

The air was getting foul, although you didn't notice it until you tried to light a match. We were breathing more quickly, but were not really conscious of it, like a diver.

Suddenly there was the blast of a prodigious explosion, as stunning in its effect as if it had been a heavy land shell crashing on a trench side. A mine had blown up a few feet from our hull. Most of the electric fittings were shattered.

Fragments were strewn around. Water began to leak in from a dozen started plates, which was a real menace

under the pressure we were subjected to at that great depth.

It was lucky for us that no sea-water got into the batteries; otherwise we'd have had chlorine gas to add to our troubles.

The lights had all but faded out.

Time crept on. By the glow of Dalnockey's illuminated wristwatch we marked the passage of the hours. It was all one to us in the darkness, but the watch hands showed us how early morning had passed into high noon, and was now so slowly crawling on to eventide.

Then the skipper made his final decision. He called me up and told me to make preparations to shatter the old boat. I packed together thirty tins of gun-cotton, each weighing 16½ pounds.

Then I prepared a fifteen-minute time-fuse and connected it from the gun-cotton to the base of the periscope.

where the fuse was attached to a pistol and detonator.

ALL the skipper had to do when he, as last man, left the boat was to put up his hand and fire the pistol. Then he had fifteen minutes to get clear.

All at once came the order:

"To your stations!" Then: "Blow all external tanks!"

Lightened by nearly thirty tons, we began to rise.

What fate awaited us above? Would our re-emergence into light bring us death? As we came up the E.7 shook herself free of the net.

It was a near thing, we found out. When we came to the surface there was a small panic. We were fired on by light guns from the shore, and by some motor-boats that had ringed us round.

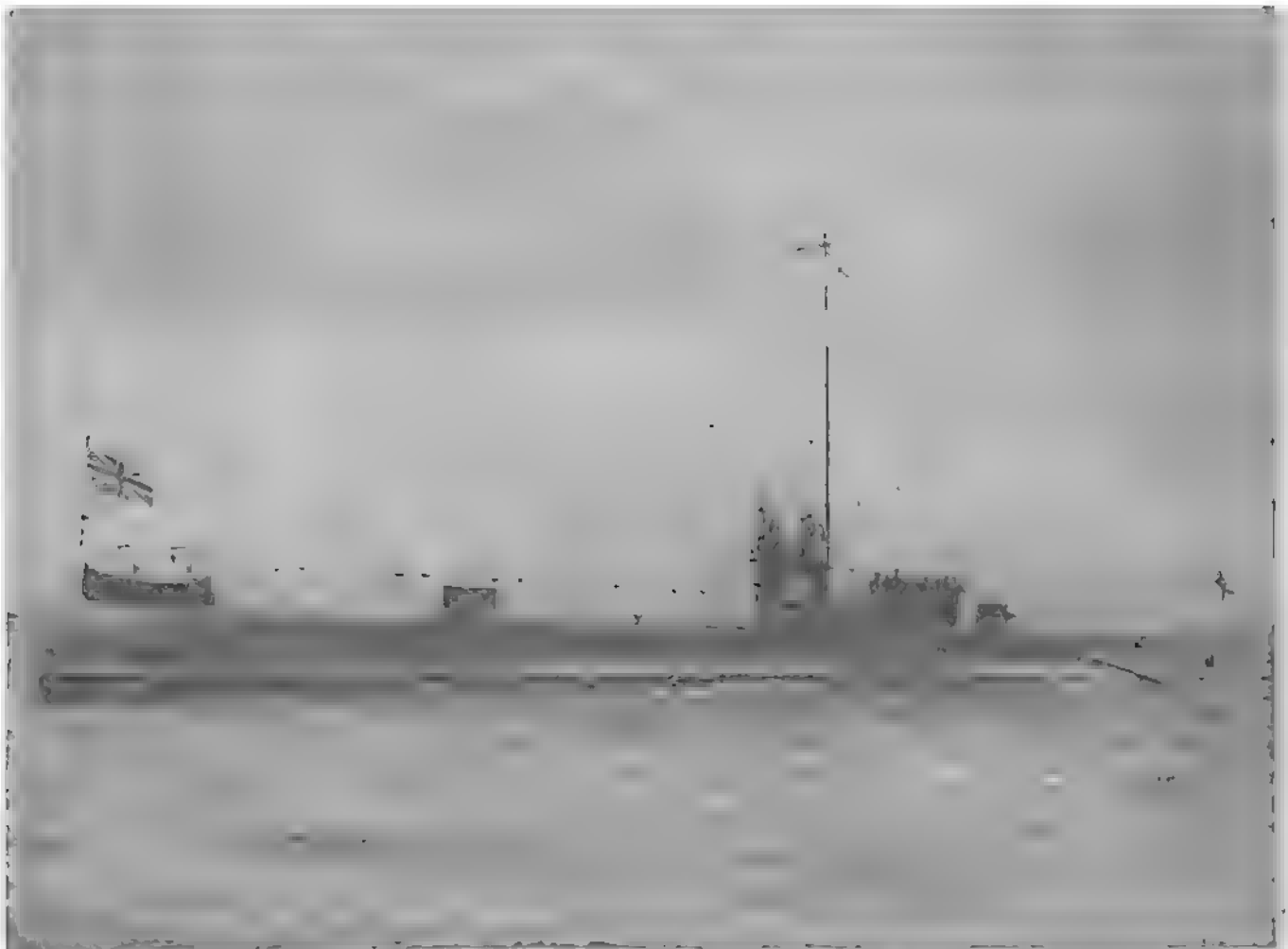
But the panic was quelled. The enemy wanted a British submarine



DARE-DEVIL OF THE DARDANELLES

One of the most colourful figures of the Great War was Wing-Commander C. R. Samson, the diminutive R.N.A.S. pilot, whose brilliant exploits in France and at the Dardanelles stand out in the annals of the British flying service. In this photograph Samson is seen beside his Nieuport machine. Earlier at Tenedos he had carried out reconnaissance flights to aid the E.7 and other submarines. He carried an automatic revolver which he used in low-flying swoops. Continuing his service after the war, he attained the rank of Air Commodore, and his death in 1931 robbed the R.A.F. of one of its finest officers.

Imperial War Museum



HER CREW SAW HER DOOM

When the British submarines operated in the Sea of Marmara in 1915 their crews faced death again and again, for mines, depth-charges and swift currents in the waters of the Straits were constant hazards. In addition, the boats had to combat the anti-submarine nets with which, as told in this chapter, E.7 struggled for twelve terrible hours. This photograph of E.7 was taken some time before she left home waters to go to the Dardanelles, there to meet her end.

Imperial War Museum

intact. The "lid" was opened, and Lieutenant Scaife emerged.

He was born in Constantinople, and could speak Turkish like a native.

A motor-boat put out, manned by Turks and officered by Germans, and the E.7 was ordered to surrender.

Then we came up, one by one. Poor old Reid—he also was to die in Turkey—raised a last laugh. Down below we could only surmise what was happening by the various sounds. As each man went up the conning-tower it seemed that there was a sharp "bump."

"**B**low me," said Reid, "they're shooting our boys one by one. I'd rather have Davy Jones." But he failed to put the wind up any of us as he intended. What had sounded like shots was the Turkish N.C.O. thumping with his rifle butt on the deck as each

man appeared, saying as he did so: "Addy chabbuk!" meaning "Hurry up! Git!"

Commander Cochrane opened the external vents. I was the last but one to leave. As I was going up the conning-tower I saw "Archie" reach up and fire the pistol. The shot was like a physical stab at my own heart. For we had all come to love the E.7.

The skipper had a nasty wetting just to round things off. There was a strong wash, and the old "sub" rolled as he made to come aboard the motor-boat.

He had to make a jump for it, and we dragged him aboard.

The German officer could speak good English. He addressed me, asking about the E.7, and made as if to board her. I said: "Better not, this is a very unhealthy spot."

"Why unhealthy?" he asked.

"Because in less than five minutes that boat is going up, and any one that's aboard her, too."

On that the motor-boats faded out of the picture like a packet of bull's-eyes among a score of dockland school kids. Then it was a real motor-boat race for the Asiatic shore.

We had been over twelve hours like animals trapped in a pit. It was after 7.30 p.m. when we came to the surface. The sun was setting, and threw a ruddy glow across the water and upon the prominence behind Kilid Bahr, that stood out like a symbol of blood. For the moment I had forgotten the perils that had assailed us, and the Angel of Death, who had rushed by us with his wings. I was gazing intently at the slender periscope that still showed above the water—waiting.

Then it came; the roar, a mountainous spout of water, a churning of foam, and with it again that thump at my heart. For I, with my own hands, had laid the charge and fixed the fuse that had blasted the life out of the boat that had come to mean so much to us.

NIGHT FIRE & SCORCHING SUN in GALLIPOLI

It Was a War Between Soldiers Only

by John Cropton



AS A CADET

Mr. Cropton is here seen during his training in England wearing the white cap-band of a cadet. Only when the cadet's training was complete and the cadet received his commission were the Sam Browne belt and single star of a 2nd Lieutenant added to his uniform.

SUMMER dragged on into autumn in Gallipoli, with trench routine and interminable working-parties. I remember our first digging-party when we were in the support line. We filed out of a communication trench along a partially dug trench, eighteen inches or two feet deep. It was our business to deepen it. It was a still, starlight night. The well-known aromatic scent of the scrub mingled with the equally well-known smell of dead Turks and chloride of lime. Looking back, you could see the long green ray, punctuated with little red crosses, that marked a hospital ship lying off "W" Beach. A dog bayed in the Turkish trenches, cicadas sang. From the front line came the continuous crack of rifles. Rifle fire was kept up all night in Gallipoli. Around us was the continual whistle of bullets, punctuated occasionally by the cruel whirr of a ricochet. The Turks tended to fire high at night, and their bullets would kill people in the gullies behind the line.

On this occasion we could hear them "phutting" into the ground round us, and into the little knee-high parapet. An Engineer sergeant crawled along, giving orders in whispers. We started to dig, keeping as far as possible behind the low parapet. We worked in pairs, one man loosening the earth with a pick and the other shovelling it out. Dig, dig, dig; whew-phut, whew-phut!

Groans from the end of the line. "Pass the word down for stretcher-bearers." We saw them running over the top, silhouetted against the sky. The groans ended with a long sigh. There was silence.

A whisper: "Who is it?" "Don't know." "They say it's Farrow." Presently we climbed out of the trench, and crouched down in the scrub to allow the stretcher-bearers to pass with their stretcher. We went on digging. It was Farrow—probably dead. He was our platoon officer. He had been married while the Division was at Blandford

Our casualties from enemy fire during that August and September were not heavy, but there was a constant drain from sickness. Those of the older hands who had survived so far had gained some measure of immunity. They were all suffering from dysentery, but were mostly able to carry on. . . .

Looking back on that time, I am overwhelmed by a feeling of intense admiration and respect for my comrades. They were brave men, determined to remain cheerful to the end. These sick men were unavoidably called upon to do hard and continuous manual labour.

We dug and dug and dug. In the intervals of digging we held the front line.

unloaded ships or carried water and ammunition to the trenches.

The only relief from working-parties was to go into the front line. Here constant vigilance was necessary. We had virtually no artillery. Our bombs were, for the most part, made out of jam tins. It was emphatically a war between soldiers with rifles.

At strategic points we installed catapults [see page 524]. They were

THIS MULE WAS A MASCOT

The "refugee" dogs and cats that brought so much pleasure to the troops on the Western front when adopted as mascots were not to be found in Gallipoli, but the Royal Naval Division had a very unusual mascot, a mule born on the Peninsula. It showed a surprisingly affectionate disposition, and while it sometimes wandered far from its home, it always came back at meal times.

Imperial War Museum



big wooden Y-shaped affairs mounted on stands. You wound up the elastic as you would a tennis net, with a ratchet and pawl. You held the elastic taut by means of a swivel. Then you lit the fuse of the bomb, put it in and released the swivel by striking it with an entrenching-tool helve. Sometimes this failed to release it.

I WAS at the Southern Barricade once.

The Turks were only ten or fifteen yards away. They used to put a bullet through our periscopes when we tried to look at them. Somebody got a face full of broken glass that morning, and a periscopic rifle brought up later was smashed. I was waiting with a blanket to smother any Turkish bombs that came over. The bombers were working their infernal machine behind me. It blew up. Nobody was hurt. The bombers, without a word of warning to me, had taken refuge behind a traverse. There was a crash, a blinding flash, dust and smoke, and a smell of burnt explosive. I did not often swear in those days, but I was very offensive to those bombers.

It was often difficult to find shade of any sort in the trenches, and one grilled all day in the hot sun. We were allowed to remove our equipment in

the daytime, and wear instead a bandolier and our ridiculous little respirator, for which, fortunately, there was no need—a handful of chemically treated cotton waste wrapped in muslin.

It was impossible to get any real rest in the daytime. The scorching sun and, above all, the clouds of obscene buzzing flies saw to that. At night we did sentry duty—an hour on and an hour off. You would keep yourself awake by firing at the Turks' parapet. The report of your rifle and the kick of the butt into your shoulder would jerk you back out of the semi-consciousness of approaching sleep.

As soon as you had fired, you would duck: some Turk would fire back at the flash. You would jerk back the bolt of your rifle. There would be a whiff of burnt cordite and the tinkle of the brass cartridge-case falling on the hard earth. When your hour was finished, you would shake your "opposite number" violently, and he would stumble up, swaying drunkenly, to take your place on the fire-step. I have known men get up in their sleep halfway through their rest period and claw their way up on to the fire-step.

Unloading ships was a change from digging. I remember one such ex-

pedition very well. We fell in at dusk with rifle, bandolier and respirator. We took them everywhere with us. If the Turks attacked seriously, these things might be needed, even on the beach. We journeyed across the sandy waste that separated us from "W" Beach. They told us it had been, in April, green grass starred with millions of beautiful flowers; but it seemed incredible. We went down the slope leading to "W" Beach between the cliffs, to what had once been the scene of the terrible Lancashire Landing. The Lancashires had landed from open boats and won this beach and hinterland, in their April landing, in the face of appalling fire and terrible barbed-wire entanglements.

ALL QUIET IN GALLIPOLI

THE Turkish barbed wire was dreadful stuff. It was all very peaceful now under the stars; the strange quiet waterfront blanketed with sand and dust; no arc-lamps, no friendly ships' lights, no noise, no shouting. Instinctively everybody spoke quietly, though there was no real need for quietness. The Turks were five miles away, and the Scotmen of the 52nd Division used to play the bagpipes in the evenings in the rest-camp next to ours.

I associate the Peninsula in those later days with quietness; people seldom shouted and sang: quietness, the crackle of machine-gun and rifle, the very occasional drone of a shell, the chirping of countless grasshoppers during the day, the unending singing of cicadas at night, the occasional raucous scream of a mule in some unit's transport lines. Up in the front line you would probably hear a dog baying in the Turkish trenches, occasionally the chanting of a muezzin, and, at dawn, the homely sound of the crowing of cocks in the rest-camp, where the officers' messes nearly all kept a few poultry, bought from Greek boats on the beach.

DOWN on the beach the thick dust silenced the footsteps of men and animals. The water lapped quietly against the sides of lighters, the piles of the home-made pier, and the sunken craft that had gone to its making. . . .

We boarded a tow of lighters, going out to a ship lying somewhere in the darkness. We heard the hiss of steam from a tug, the scrape of the fireman's shovel. The tinkle of a bell, the tightening of hawsers, our tow was under way.

A chill wind was blowing, and there was a lumpy sea. The lighters constantly jerked at their tow-ropes, zig-zagging this way and that. The tug slowed down,

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

These men are in a dangerous spot, for the Turkish trenches are less than twenty yards away. The barricade of sandbags has been erected at the end of a captured enemy communication trench and now forms a sap. Bombers, aided by a spotter with a periscope, are strafing the enemy with bombs thrown by one of the rather primitive catapults described by Mr. Cropton in this chapter

W. F. Stanton How





THE BIG GUNS HAVE COME ASHORE

Admirable as was the work done by the big guns of the fleet in shelling the Turkish positions, they did not quite take the place of the heavy artillery that lent support to the troops in France and Flanders. The 60-pounders, such as are here seen in position ready to shell the enemy trenches, were big guns for Gallipoli, and could only be got ashore and dragged into position behind the trenches with infinite labour and patience.

Imperial War Museum

and we glided alongside a steamer. Her steel sides towered above us. Accommodation ladders were let down. The lighters were made fast. Half of us stayed aboard the lighters; the other half swarmed up the rope ladders on to the steamer's deck. It was not easy, on account of the sea that was running. You had to wait your turn, and when the lighter was on the crest of a wave, seize the ladder waving above you in the darkness. . . .

THE ship was loaded with pit-props, for the dug-outs of "Beach Wallahs." At first, I had the pleasant job of standing at the open hatch, and shouting to the donkeyman when the sling was full. There would be a creak as the derrick-chain tightened, a rattle from the donkey-engine, and up would come the load, swaying wildly from side to side of the hold. I had then to guide it across the deck, and see it lowered safely into the waiting lighter. This was a far more ticklish matter as the scend of the sea was making the ship and the lighters roll drunkenly. It must have been far from pleasant for those left in the lighters, wallowing against the ship's side with a heavy slingful of pit-props descending upon their heads out of the darkness. I then had to let the donkeyman know when they had unhooked the chain, and it could be re-wound, and the derrick swung inboard again.

That night, in the Aegean, I was realizing one of my boyhood ambitions. I had watched ships being unloaded many times, and always longed to stand on deck directing operations. Now I was actually doing it, in circumstances I had never dreamed of. Even with

dysentery, lice, dirt and flies, life held its compensations.

Later, another man took my place, as a rest from the heavy work in the hold, and I descended to take his place. . . .

I can see, now, the dimly-lit interior of the hold, the swaying hurricane lamps making huge uncouth shadows on the white timber, and, beyond, the ring of outer darkness. The light shone on uncouth men in faded puggarees and cap comforters—bronzed flesh and dust-coloured clothing—staggering about with pit-props, lurching and falling as the ship rolled. The light from the swinging lamps shone first on one and then on another, and the great black shadows were like writhing giants. From above came the hiss of steam and the rattle of winches, and, in the hold, the smell of bilge wrestled with the sweet smell of sawn timber. Work must go on quickly, as the steamer must be emptied before dawn showed her to the Turkish batteries on Achi Baba. . . .

As far as I know, I shot nothing on the Peninsula. Turks were very abundant, but their burrowing proclivities made them difficult to kill. One fired continually at the flashes of their rifles at night. I was never a bloodthirsty person. I have done a little, a very little, shooting. I do not like killing animals or men. The first time we were in the trenches, I saw, as

I watched through a periscope, the head and shoulders of a Turk rise above the sandbags. He was a young man in a dust-coloured beehive hat. He had no beard, but long hanging mustachios, like those of a stage brigand. I watched him fascinated as he looked coolly round him. He looked rather an heroic figure. I felt no desire to send a bullet crashing through his brain and convert him into one of the horrid, unnatural scarecrows I could see lying in No Man's Land, covered with heaps of rotting equipment, like horses fallen in harness, and left.

On the other hand, we were fighting a war. I was being paid, if I remember rightly, one and tenpence a day and all found, to kill Turks. For this purpose I had been transported at great cost to the Government to the Eastern Mediterranean. The Turks were killing our fellows in great numbers. This Turk must die by my hand.

"THERE'S a Turk here," I said, "pushing his snout over the parapet." "Shoot him, you fool." Stealthily I slid my rifle along a groove in the sandbags. I got the Turk's head balanced on the tip of the foresight, the foresight correctly aligned in the centre of the U of the backsight, my first finger on the trigger. A voice within me seemed to be saying to the Turk: "Get down, you fool, before I shoot you!" As the Turk ducked, I fired. The bullet whistled

harmlessly into space behind the Turkish lines. "Got him?" said Burr at my elbow. "'Fraid not," I said. "The blighter ducked just in time." "You should have been a sight quicker," said Burr. "You can't expect Johnny Turk to wait up there all day to be shot."

There were small lizards running about everywhere in the scrub, the common viviparous lizard, I think; and we occasionally found small tortoises, or they found us, tumbling into our dug-outs. There were locusts and grasshoppers everywhere, a great profusion of species. I remember some very beautiful ones that flew with crimson wings.

Occasionally we captured a praying mantis. This creature was great fun. We would put a drop of condensed milk on the ground, and seat the mantis near it, his great forelegs raised in an attitude of devotion. The condensed milk would attract the inevitable flies, and the mantis would seize them, and devour them with comic relish, turning his head this way and that, even to the extent of pointing his chin skywards. We applauded the performance, and enjoyed it thoroughly, our pleasure unalloyed by compunction for the fly. My heart is full of affection and pity

for nearly all living things, but for flies I have neither pity nor mercy. Rightly was the Evil One called by the ancient Hebrews, Beel-Zebub, the Lord of Flies. Flies are his servants, doing his bidding, and doing it well; torturing the living, rendering intolerable the last hours of the dying, defiling the bodies of the dead: enemies of man, and woman, and child, and beast; utterly evil.

I REMEMBER well the first wounded man I saw brought in. One of the first mornings I was in the front line, the word was passed along for stretcher-bearers. They hurried by. By and by they came back. We crouched on the fire-step to allow the stretcher to get past. Sweat was pouring off our "D" Company stretcher-bearers as they pushed and heaved the heavy stretcher round the traverse. On the stretcher lay a man in a semi-comatose condition, rolling slightly from side to side with the movement of the bearers. His cap had been put over his face to protect him from the sun. His tunic and trousers were undone, and his shirt pushed up round his chest. He had been shot in the abdomen or groin. The stretcher-bearers had done their best for him

On the glistening flesh and soiled dressings were what appeared to be great bunches of black grapes. An angry buzz rose from the black mass when the stretcher was jolted against a traverse.

THERE were scorpions. Their sting was extremely painful, though seldom fatal. People were always being bitten or stung by something. There were large brown centipedes, about four inches long. They crawled over you in the trenches, or in your dug-out. There was a technique in dealing with them. Their sharp, hook-like feet were "raked" backwards. It was well to remember this. A smart flip on the "backside" was the way to deal with Mister Centipede. If you forgot your natural history, and tried to brush him off backwards, you suffered for a long time afterwards from an almost intolerably painful weal, as though the flesh had been seared with hot iron.

Gallipoli was not a pleasant place in 1915. We made the best of it. Certain war books which I have read rightly stress the horror and suffering and squalor of active service, but they tend, I think, to leave an impression which is unjust to the memory of brave men.



BEGINNING OF THE END AT GALLIPOLI

In November 1915 Lord Kitchener, at the request of the Cabinet, went to Gallipoli to take stock of the situation. In this photograph he is seen, right, talking to General Maxwell during a tour of inspection of the lines. Lord Kitchener before his visit had been strongly opposed to evacuation, but his first personal inspection convinced him that the fleet could never penetrate into the Sea of Marmara and that further expenditure of life on the Peninsula would be useless.

Imperial War Museum

My SAD FAREWELL to GALLIPOLI 'Bloodiest Tragedy in World History'

by General Sir Ian Hamilton
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE long-drawn-out tragedy of the Gallipoli Peninsula was reaching its end towards the close of 1915. The military commander, Sir Ian Hamilton, was recalled in October and the evacuation completed in January 1916. In the impressive passage from Sir Ian's diary which follows there are two predominant notes, the bitter feeling that a great task had been left unfulfilled from lack of adequate support, and a deep sense of pride in the unflinching gallantry of the fighting troops

OCTOBER 5. First thing another cable from K. [Lord Kitchener] saying, "I think it well to let you know that it is quite understood by the Dardanelles Committee that you are adopting only a purely defensive attitude at present." Also: "I have no reason to imagine you have any intention of taking the offensive anywhere along the line seeing I have been unable to replace your sick and wounded men."

But, if he knows I can't take the offensive, why trouble to cable me that the Dardanelles Committee expect me to adopt "only a purely defensive attitude"? I realize where we stand; K., Braithwaite [General Braithwaite, Sir Ian's Chief of Staff] and I—on the verge. We are getting on for two months now since the August fighting; all that time we have been allowed to do nothing—literally allowed to do nothing, seeing we have been given no shell. What a fiasco! The Dardanelles is not a sanatorium; Suvla is not Southend. With the men we have lost from sickness in the past six weeks we could have beaten the Turks twice over. Now Government seem to be about to damn everything—themselves included.

BUT after all, who am I to judge the Government of the British Empire? What do I know of their difficulties, pledges, and enemies—whether outside or inside the fold?

I have no grouse against Government or War Office—still less against K.—though many hundred times have I groused. Freely and gratefully do I admit that the individuals have done their best. Most of all am I indebted—very deeply indebted—to K. for having refrained absolutely from interference with my plan of campaign or with the tactical execution thereof.

But things are happening now which seem beyond belief. That the Dardan-

elles Committee should complacently send me a message to say we "quite understand that you are adopting only a purely defensive attitude at present" is staggering when put side by side with the carbon of this, the very last cable I have sent them. "I think you should know immediately that the numbers of sick evacuated in the IXth Corps during the first three days of October were 500 men on the 1st instant; 735 men on the 2nd instant, and 607 men on the 3rd instant. Were this rate kept up it would come to 45 per cent. of our strength evacuated in one month."

Three-quarters of this sickness is due to inaction—and now the Dardanelles Committee "quite understand" I am "adopting only a purely defensive action at present." I have never adopted a defensive attitude. They have forced us to sit idle and go sick because—at the very last moment—they have permitted the French offensive to take precedence of ours, although, on the face of it, there was no violent urgency in France as there is here. Our men in France were remarkably healthy—they were not going sick by thousands. But I feel too sick myself—body and soul—to let my mind dwell on these miseries . . .

WHOM WILL HISTORY BLAME?

OCTOBER 7. A lot of writing but wasted some energy brooding over the addled eggs of the past. Are the High Gods bringing our new Iliad to grief? At whose door will history leave the blame for the helpless, hopeless fix we are left in—rotting with disease and told to take it easy? . . .

October 11. De Robeck came up at 11 o'clock to see me. The Admiralty are asking him what number of extra troops could be maintained on the Peninsula if the units there now were brought up to strength. My A.G.

[Adjutant-General] gave us the figures. My force as a whole is as near as may be to half strength. Half of that half are sick men. We have 100,000 men on the Peninsula, 50,000 of whom are unfit. But doctors are agreed that excitement and movement would about halve the disease. . . .

The tone of this Admiralty question had seemed cheerful; almost as if the Higher Direction were thinking of putting us on our legs, but, in the evening, another cable from K. gave a different and a very ominous complexion to the future:

"WHAT is your estimate of the probable losses which would be entailed to your force if the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula was decided on and carried out in the most careful manner? No decision has been arrived at yet on this question of evacuation, but I feel that I ought to have your views. In your reply you need not consider the possible future danger to the Empire that might be thus caused."


If they do this they make the Dardanelles into the bloodiest tragedy of the world! Even if we were to escape without a scratch, they would stamp our enterprise as the bloodiest of all tragedies!

K. has always sworn by all his gods he would have no hand in it. I won't touch it. He knows that and calculated on that when he cabled. Anyway, let K., cat or Cabinet leap where they will, I must sleep upon my answer, but that answer will be NO!

JUST as I am turning in, a cable from K. saying, "there is an idea that Sir John Maxwell is not sending you as many troops as he might from Egypt. Have you any complaints on this score?" This is funny! Rather late in the day this "idea." The War Office have only to look up their files and they will find the complaints and also see how many men are now maintained to defend us from the Senussi!

Maxwell has never had less than 70,000 troops in Egypt, a country which might have been held with 10,000 rifles—ever since we landed here. My troops can sail back to Egypt very much faster than the Turks—or the Senussi for that matter—can march to the Canal.

K. also asks what is the cause of the sick rate, and remarks that "some accounts from Dardanelles indicate that the men are dispirited." Small wonder if they were! When they see two divisions taken away from the Peninsula; when their guns can't answer those of the enemy; when each unit



out again by a cable "Secret and Personal" from K. telling me to decipher the next message myself. The messenger brought a note from the G.S. asking if I would like to be awakened when the second message came in. As I knew its contents as well as if I had written them myself, I said no, that it was to be brought me with the cipher book at my usual hour for being called in the morning. When I had given this order, my mind dwelt awhile over my sins. Through my tired brain passed thought-pictures of philosophers waiting for cups of hemlock and other strange and half-forgotten antique images. Then I fell asleep. Next morning, Peter Pollen came in

PLOUGHING THROUGH THE SANDS

In the early days of the Gallipoli campaign the heavy guns had to be moved by man power, as is shown in page 400, but later on mechanical power was used. This traction engine ploughing through the Gallipoli sands has been brought ashore in pieces and reassembled by the engineers.

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NATURAL HORSE STALLS

Here after only a little digging a gully has been adapted for use as horse-lines, in which the horses are safe from all but a direct hit. The horses could not be taken away at the evacuation and, as Marshal Liman von Sanders relates in page 533, hundreds had to be killed and were found dead when the British had gone.

finds itself half-strength, and falling-why, then, they *ought* to be unhappy. But the funny thing is that the Cabinet are the people who are "dispirited" and *not* the people out here. If the P.M. could walk round the trenches of the Naval Division at Helles, or if K. could exchange greetings with the rank and file at Anzac and Suvla, they would find a sovereign antidote for the blues.

STUDY the classic battles of the world; it was never the front line who gave way first, but always the reserves who watched bloodshed in cold blood until they could stand it no longer and so took to their heels while the fighting men were still focussed upon victory. Not the enemy in front but the deserters from the front are the men who spread despondency and alarm . . .

October 16. *Imbros*. Had just got into bed last night when I was ferreted

with the cipher book and the bow-string:

"The War Council held last night decided that though the Government fully appreciate your work and the gallant manner in which you personally have struggled to make the enterprise a success in face of the terrible difficulties you have had to contend against, they, all the same, wish to make a change in the command, which will give them an opportunity of seeing you."

We have travelled far, in spirit, since K. sent me his September greetings with spontaneous assurances of complete confidence! Yet, on the ground, since September I have not travelled at all—have indeed been under the order of the Dardanelles Committee to stand still.

Charles Munro is to relieve me and brings with him a Chief of Staff who will take Braithwaite's place. On my way back I "might visit Salonika and Egypt" so as to be able to give the Cabinet the latest about the hang of things in these places.

WHEN I go, Birdwood is to take my place pending Munro's arrival.

De Robeck must give me a cruiser so that we may start for home tomorrow. The offer of a jaunt at Government expense to Salonika and Egypt leaves me cold. They think nothing of spending some hundreds of pounds to put off an awkward moment. What value on earth could my views on Salonika and Egypt possess for people who have no use for my views on my own subject!

Have made my last will and testament, i.e. my Farewell Order.

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
October 17, 1915.

"On handing over the Command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force to General Sir C. C. Munro, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to say a few farewell words to the Allied troops, with many of whom he has now for so long been associated. First, he would like them to know his deep sense of the honour it has been to command so fine an Army in one of the most arduous and difficult campaigns which has ever been undertaken; secondly, he must express to them his admiration at the noble response which they have invariably given to the calls he has made upon them. No risk has been too desperate; no sacrifice too great. Sir Ian Hamilton thanks all ranks, from generals to private soldiers, for the wonderful way they have seconded his efforts to lead them towards that decisive victory, which, under their new

Chief, he has the most implicit confidence they will achieve."

One thing is sure: whenever I get home, I shall do what I can to convince K. that the game is still in his hands if only he will shake himself free from slippery politics, come right out here and run the show himself. Constantinople is the only big bit lying open on the map at this moment. With the reinforcements and munitions K., as Commander-in-Chief, would command, he could bring off the coup right away. He has only to borrow a suitable number of howitzers and aeroplanes from the Western front and our troops begin to advance. Sarraïl has missed the chance of twenty generations by not coming here.

NAME WORTH AN ARMY CORPS

LET K. step in. In the Near East his name alone is still worth an army corps. My own chance has gone. That is no reason why my old Chief should not himself make good. I told the War Council we held at Suvla before the battle of August 21 that if the Government persisted in refusing me drafts and munitions—if they insisted on leaving my units at half-strength—then they would have to get someone cleverer than myself to carry out the job. Well, it has come to that now. K. can insist on not being starved.

Still there is time. Howitzers, trench mortars, munitions, men on a scale France would hardly miss, and in one month from today our warships will have Constantinople under their guns. If K. won't listen to me, then, having been officially misinformed that the War Council wish to see me, I will buttonhole every Minister from McKenna and Lloyd George to Asquith and Bonar Law, if by doing so I can hold them on to this, the biggest scoop that is, or ever has been, open to an Empire.

BIRDWOOD came over at 4 p.m. I wish he was going to succeed me. At tea, Ellison, Braithwaite, Bertier, Colonel Sykes and Guest appeared. They looked more depressed than I felt. I had to work like a beaver before I could brighten them up. "I'm not dead yet," I felt inclined to tell them. "No, not by long chalks." What I did say to one or two of them was this: "My credit with Government is exhausted; clearly I can't screw men or munitions out of them. The new Commander will start fresh with a good balance of faith, hope and charity lodged in the Bank of England. He comes with a splendid reputation, and if he is big enough to draw boldly on this deposit, the Army will march, the Fleet will steam ahead. What has been done will bear fruit,

BY-PASSING THE BULLETS

This dispatch rider finds a communication trench in Gallipoli a rough but safe road between the front line and Headquarters. Each infantry division in Gallipoli had 16 motor dispatch riders attached to it.

Imperial War Museum

and all our past struggles and sacrifices will live."

October 17. H.M.S. Chatham (at sea). So many good-byes have ended by putting a sense of desolation into my heart.

At 10.30 Brulard [General commanding the French division after General





SIR IAN'S LAST HOURS AT KEPHALOS

Here is the last scene at Kephalos which Sir Ian Hamilton describes so movingly in this page. He is talking to General Ellison, D.Q.M.G., on October 17, just before embarking on H.M.S. Chatham. His heart was heavy, but with a smiling face he hid the bitterness of abandoning the campaign while victory still seemed to him possible.

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Bailloud's departure] and his staff came over; also Generals Byng and Davies with their staffs. After bidding them farewell, a function whereat I was grateful to the French for their lightness of touch, I rode over with Braithwaite and the A.D.C.'s to the new headquarters at Kephalos to say good-bye to my own staff. Today, this very day, I was to have struck my tent and taken up these winter quarters.

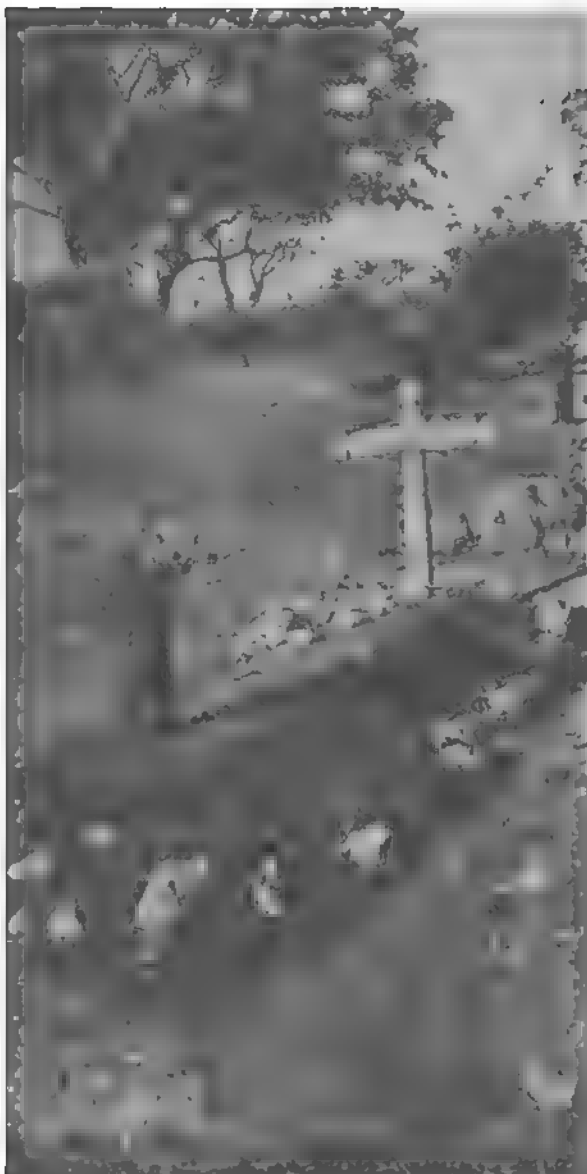
The adieu was a melancholy affair. There was no make-believe, that's a sure thing. Whatever the British officer may be, his forte has never lain in his acting. So by 2.30 I made my last

salute to the last of the old lot and boarded the Triad. A baddish wrench, parting from de Robeck and Keyes, with whom I had been close friends for so long. They have been all that friends can be at such a moment. Up to midnight, de Robeck had intended coming home, too. Keyes himself is following me in a day or two, to implore the Cabinet to let us at least strike one more blow before we haul down our flag, so there will be two of us at the task.

I wrung their hands. The bo'sun's whistle sounded. The curtain was falling, so I wrung their hands once

again and said good-bye; good-bye also to the Benjamin of my personal staff, young Alec, who stays on with Birdie. A bitter moment and hard to carry through.

BOARDED Chatham (Capt. Drury-Lowe) and went below to put my cabin straight. The anchor came up; the screws went round. I wondered whether I could stand the strain of seeing Imbros, Kephalos, the camp, fade into the region of dreams. I was hesitating when a message came from the captain to say the admiral begged me to run up on to the quarter-deck. So I ran, and found the Chatham steering a corkscrew course—threading in and out among the warships at anchor. Each, as we passed, manned ship and sent us on our way with the cheers of brave men ringing in our ears.



HOW THE GALLANT DEAD WERE HONOURED IN GALLIPOLI

As in France and Flanders, the grave of every man who fell in Gallipoli was marked in some way by his comrades. Left is the grave of a gunner of the 14th Siege Battery R.G.A. The photograph was taken only a mile from the front line, where bullets were whistling through the air and a 6-in. howitzer was concealed in the copse on the left. Above, two soldiers are about to mark the grave of a comrade with the only material available, a box-lid washed up on the beach. After the Armistice the bodies of the men who fell in the campaign were re-buried in cemeteries as beautiful as those in France. Below is the Chunuk Bair Cemetery and the New Zealand Memorial. On the left of the photograph are to be seen remains of the old Turkish trenches.

*Photos. Sergt. C. Sharland, W. E. Stanton Hope, and
Imperial War Graves Commission*



The BRITISH SLIPPED THROUGH My FINGERS

A German General's View of the Evacuation

by Marshal Liman von Sanders

THE evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula, once decided upon, was carried out with extraordinary skill. The following account by the German General Liman von Sanders, the leader of the mission sent to reform the Turkish Army in 1913, who, during the Gallipoli campaign, took command of the Turkish 5th Army with the rank of Marshal, reveals the bewilderment of the German and Turkish Staffs at this time. They feared that the British manoeuvres might be only a prelude to a renewed attack. In effect, he and his Turkish Staffs had been completely bamboozled when they allowed the British forces to escape practically without casualty.

His account of the amount of abandoned stores is greatly exaggerated

WE of course knew nothing of the intended withdrawal and did not learn of it up to the last minute. Its possibility had been considered by the Fifth [Turkish] Army, and all leaders had been called on in writing for special watchfulness in that direction. But the very skilful beginning and execution of the withdrawal prevented its being seen from the front line of the Turks.

On the night of December 19-20 a dense fog covered the Peninsula and the coast. The fire along the fronts continued in customary volume till midnight. Then it became a little weaker. The enemy's naval guns were firing from several directions. On the after-

noon of the 19th a heavy attack on the south front had been repulsed. During the night the British withdrew from the Ari Burnu and Anafarta fronts.

The events on the side of the Fifth Army were as follows:

Between 1 and 2 in the morning the enemy had exploded a mine in the Ari Burnu front. The Turkish troops, advancing according to instructions to

seize the crater, found no resistance. When the adjoining Turkish companies were feeling their way toward the foremost enemy trenches, there were a few shots and then firing ceased. The trenches were occupied by the Turks. Reports were dispatched to the higher commanders. There was some natural delay before they could arrive and give instructions for further action, since no special instructions had been issued for such a case, and the fog prevented vision. Where the way led through the enemy's trench system, there were obstacles to be removed everywhere.

In several places mines exploded when stepped on and caused confusion and loss. In this way the rearmost troops of the enemy had gained a good start. The fire of the ships covered the ground traversed by the advancing Turks. The descent through the steep rocky hills of the coast in the dark foggy night was troublesome. When the leading troops reached the coast, the enemy had disappeared. The ships at once changed their aim to the beach.

The withdrawal on the Anafarta front was similar except that contradictory reports caused difficulties in the issuing of orders. In several places where the fog was less dense, red lights

A GERMAN COMMANDED THE TURKS IN GALLIPOLI

Marshal Liman von Sanders, who in this chapter describes the evacuation of Gallipoli, is here seen during a tour of inspection. He is the second figure from the car and is wearing a Turkish *enverijeh*. This form of head-dress was so named because it was invented by Enver Pasha as a substitute for the sun helmet, which Moslems could not wear because at the hours of prayer they must have their heads covered and touch the ground with their foreheads. The *enverijeh*, being soft in front, made this possible. The second figure on the Marshal's right is Major Hunger, who made a heroic stand at Anafarta.



were visible on the shore and some of the subordinate leaders conjectured another landing.

The first reports that reached me at the headquarters camp at 4 a.m. were written in this dubious style. I at once ordered a general alarm and the turning out of all reserves including the cavalry. Each unit in its own sector was to advance in a direct line to the shore. But orders do not circulate as fast as one hopes, particularly when two languages are involved.

THE troops of the Anafarta group encountered mine-fields which caused much loss. At some points short engagements took place with the rear points of the enemy, as in the case of the Turkish 126th Infantry Regt. Here too the enemy had embarked with hardly any loss. The withdrawal had been prepared with extraordinary care and carried out with great skill. The hostile artillery had been removed except a small number of guns which now fell into our hands. This removal had been possible because all British land batteries lay close to the shore.

One or another artillery commander had noticed that in the last few days some batteries had fired with one gun only or not at all, but no importance was attached to the fact, which therefore was not reported to superiors. It had happened several times that the batteries paused one or two days in their firing, particularly when changing positions. On such occasions the fire from the ships became heavier.

Immense stores of all kinds were abandoned by the British on their withdrawal. Between Suvla Bay and Ari Burnu five small steamers and more than sixty boats were abandoned on the beach. We found large quantities of material for dummy rail lines, telephones and obstacles, piles of tools of all kinds, medicine chests, medical supplies and water filters.

MOST SUDDEN WITHDRAWAL

A GREAT mass of artillery and infantry ammunition had been abandoned and whole lines of carriages and caissons, hand arms of all kinds, boxes of hand grenades and machine-gun barrels. Many stacks of conserves, flour, food, and mountains of wood were found. The tent camps had been left standing and sacrificed. This probably served better than anything else to mask the withdrawal. Several hundred horses which could not be embarked were killed and lay in long rows.

How suddenly the order for withdrawal must have come to the last troops on the Peninsula appears from the fact that in some tents freshly served food

stood on the tables. From the written orders found in the camp it appeared that a large part of the troops not in first line had been embarked during the past two nights and carried away. These captured British papers informed us of other interesting matters.

On the Anafarta front we found foot-paths lined with whitewashed sandbags so as to be visible on a dark night. They had shown the last troops the way of carefully avoiding the mine-fields. . . .

The enemy continued to hold the position at Seddulbar (Sedd el Bahr).

On the forenoon of December 20 orders were given by the Fifth Army to bring the best batteries of the abandoned fronts to the south group. In like manner it was ordered that the best grenade throwers, scouts and pioneers be at once put in march to the south group.

There was some possibility that in Seddulbar (Sedd el Bahr) the enemy wanted to keep a base for further operations. The position there was particularly strong and well protected by the fire of the ships. The authors of this idea spoke of a second Gibraltar supplementary to the Salonika position. No such idea was entertained by the Fifth Army. It was thought possible, however, that the enemy might hang on for some time. That could not be permitted.

LAST DAYS OF THE BRITISH

HENCE a plan of attack on the enemy's position at Seddulbar (Sedd el Bahr) was at once taken in hand, giving due consideration to the technical troops expected from Germany. An attack was prepared on the entire south front by the four divisions there and eight others to be brought up. No troops had to be taken from the Second Army since on the other fronts our own troops had become available and because only limited troops were needed to guard the coast. Superfluous units were ordered by the Turkish headquarters to march to Thrace. . . .

New Year's Eve 1915-16 I sent to the military attaché in Constantinople a telegram for German headquarters, proposing that after the complete withdrawal of the British from Gallipoli, an army be constituted from our troops and pushed via Demotika and Xanthi against the right flank and rear of the enemy army at Salonika, while German and Bulgarian troops attacked from the front.

DURING the first days of January 1916 it appeared as though the fire of the land artillery at Seddulbar (Sedd el Bahr) was becoming weaker. But one gun was firing from several batteries,

frequently changing its position, while the fire from the ships, including the largest calibres, sometimes grew to great vehemence. The removal of guns was observed from the Asiatic side. The scouting parties which were pushed forward against the hostile front at all hours of evening and night, invariably met with strong resistance. Of the troops designated for the attack, the 12th Division had arrived in rear of the south front. The division was designated to capture a section of trenches projecting northward opposite the extreme Turkish right, from which the British artillery could have flanked the great attack we were planning.

I REFUSED ENVER'S ORDER

IN the midst of these preparations the Turkish headquarters ordered on January 5 that nine divisions of the Fifth Army were to be withdrawn at once and put in march for Thrace. Several of these divisions had been designated for the attack. The situation on the south front had not become sufficiently clear for such a step, nor was there any necessity for it, as the complete Second Army stood in Thrace. I explained the situation to Enver by telegraph and requested my discharge from the Turkish Army because his wholly unwarranted order was at the last moment jeopardizing the final result of the Dardanelles campaign. He withdrew his order by telegraph. Like many other things in Turkey, I have never been able to ascertain whether this matter, as was subsequently stated, was a misunderstanding due to another incorrect Turkish translation or whether the orders were actually issued in the form in which they reached me.

On January 7 I ordered the 12th Division to carry out the attack planned on the extreme Turkish right after two hours of preparation by the heaviest artillery fire and explosion of mines. It met with strong resistance, but was partly successful in that we gained some of the ground at the projecting point.

The Turkish troops on the south were cautioned again and again to watch attentively for any indication of a withdrawal during the night. Bridges were everywhere placed in readiness to enable the artillery to cross the enemy trenches quickly. A field artillery battalion of the 26th Division on the Asiatic side, under the command of Captain Lehmann, was ordered by the Fifth Army to push to the outermost point of land at Kum Kale, where during the night of January 8-9 it bombarded such ground at Seddulbar (Sedd el Bahr) as was within range. In like manner the fortress guns near In Tepe assisted by a heavy fire.

During the night from January 8-9 the enemy withdrew from the southern sector. The Turkish troops pursued at once when the fire from the advanced trenches was no longer answered by the enemy. In some places there were bloody conflicts. But all in all the enemy here again was successful in his withdrawal in spite of all our watchfulness.

A large part of the troops were not marched the longer way to the place of embarkation at the south point, but had reached the south shores of the Peninsula by the shortest routes, and were embarked at suitable points in every kind of war and transport vessel, while the last rear guard was still maintaining a heavy fire from the advanced trenches. Fireworks had been used to give the impression of lively firing, and the artillery fire came from the snips.

THE Turkish divisions reached the coast everywhere long before day-break. In many places they had been delayed by fields of land mines which caused serious losses. One division had captured nine guns on the way to the coast.

PARTING SHOTS FOR 'JOHNNY TURK'

The last ship to leave Suvla Bay was H.M.S. Cornwallis, a battleship of 14,000 tons carrying four 12-inch guns. She is here seen after all the British and Anzac troops had been evacuated from the Peninsula sending a few souvenir shells into the Turkish trenches. The Cornwallis was eventually sunk by a submarine near Malta on January 11, 1917, with a loss of 13 lives.

Imperial War Museum

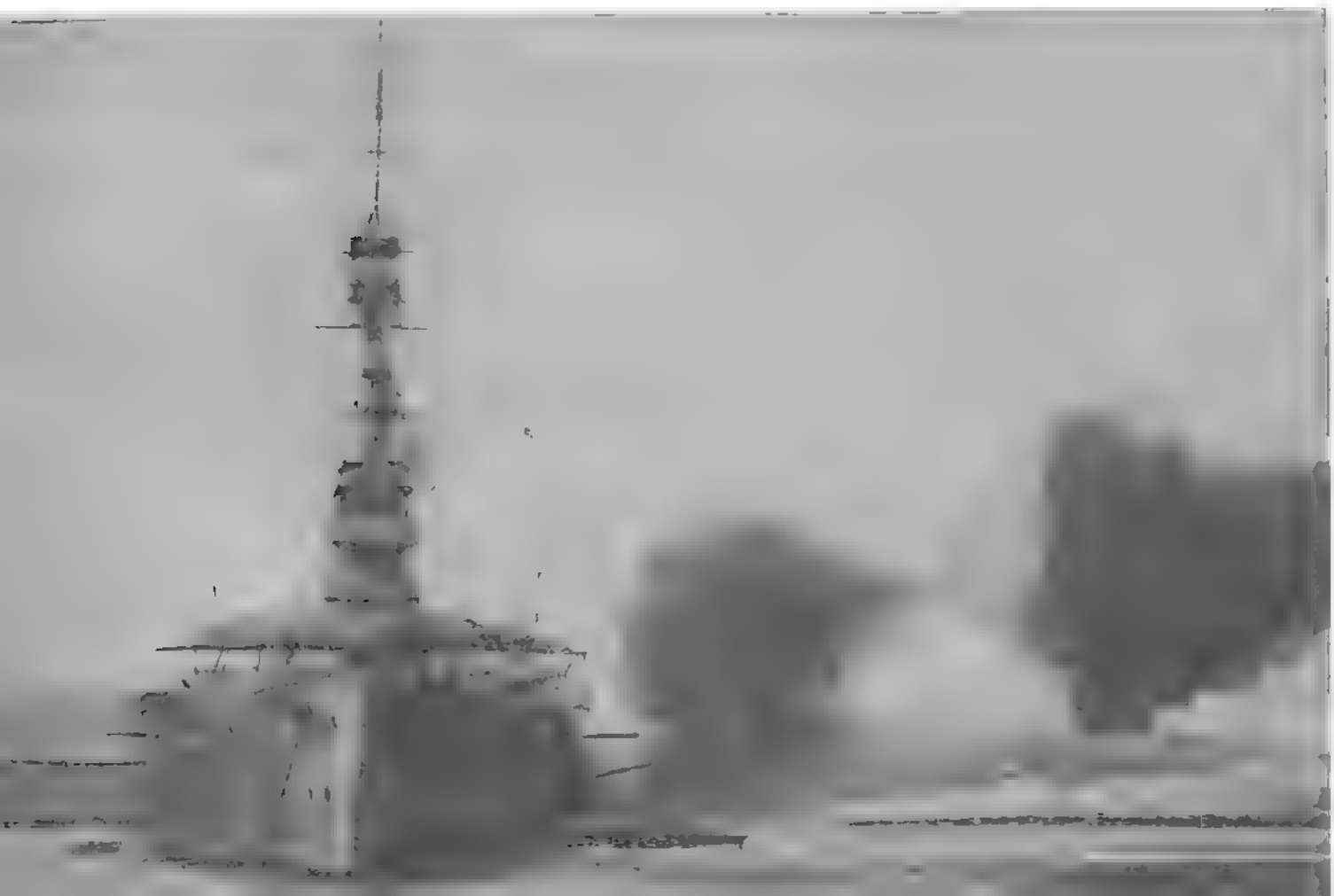
When it became daylight, our artillery sank a loaded transport on the west coast. The hostile torpedo boats in the vicinity opened a heavy fire into the sea near the transport believing that it had been torpedoed by a submarine. Unfortunately, none was present at the withdrawal.

The booty of the south group was extraordinary. Wagon parks, automobile parks, mountains of arms, ammunition and entrenching tools were collected. Here, too, most of the tent camps and barracks had been left standing, in part with all of their equipment. Many hundreds of horses lay in rows, shot or poisoned, but quite a number of horses and mules were captured and turned over to the Turkish artillery. Here, as at the other fronts, the stacks of flour and subsistence had some acid solution poured over them to render them unfit for our use. In the next few days the hostile ships made vain attempts to set the stacks and the former British tent camps and barracks on fire. It took nearly two years to clean up the grounds. The immense booty of war material was used for other Turkish armies.

Many shiploads of preserves, flour and wood were removed to Constantinople. What the ragged and insufficiently nourished Turkish soldiers took away cannot be estimated. I tried to stop plundering by a dense line of sentinels, but the endeavour was in vain. During the ensuing time we saw the Turkish soldiers on the Peninsula in the most incredible garments which they had made up from every kind of uniform. They even carried British gas masks for fun.

THE tribute of tenacious and steadfast prowess cannot be withheld from the Turkish troops, of whom at the height of the fighting twenty-two divisions stood in the primary and secondary fronts or as reserves, under the command of the Fifth Army. They had held their ground in unnumbered conflicts with a brave enemy who ever renewed his attacks and was supported by the fire of his fleet.

The total loss of the Fifth Army in the Dardanelles Campaign is very high and corresponds to the duration and severity of the fighting. It amounted to about 218,000 men, of whom 66,000 were killed, and of the wounded 42,000 were returned to duty. There were Turkish infantry regiments which in this campaign needed and received 5,000 replacements.





GIVING THE SNIPER HIS OWN MEDICINE

All through the Gallipoli campaign the Turkish snipers were a terrible menace to the troops, but here a most ingenious method of replying to their unwelcome attentions has been devised. It is a periscope to which is attached a rifle that can be sighted and fired without the marksman raising his head. It is being used by Lieutenant W. E. Stanton Hope, of the R.N.D. The contrivance was designed and made by the Engineers of the 2nd Field Company R.N.D.

W. E. Stanton Hope



Imperial War Museum

HOW THE SUVLA GUNS WERE GOT AWAY

The evacuation of Suvla and Anzac, which was carried out in December 1915, was a masterpiece of strategy in which thousands of troops, hundreds of guns and vast quantities of stores were withdrawn without a hitch while the bewildered Turkish forces waited in their lines. At night and in broad daylight, as this picture shows, men and material were craned on towed rafts, lighters and other craft away from the Gallipoli Peninsula, and not until the enemy discovered that the British had been abandoned were they able to set a trap.

Leaves from the Editor's Note-Book

(Continued from page 11 of this wrapper)

could not arrange to end a chapter precisely on the last page of every weekly Part without, in many cases, mutilating the finished work. Sometimes, of course, it may happen (see Part 6) that a chapter does end conveniently on the last page of the Part; but in other cases (see the beginning of the same Part) nearly two pages of text matter, even if illustrations were excluded, would have to be deleted in order to finish "square." While, therefore, it may be at times a little irritating to have to wait a week to complete the reading of a chapter, it will be agreed, if a little thought is given, that not only is any other arrangement so difficult as to be nearly impossible, but that it is actually to the reader's advantage if he will but consider the completed work.

AMONG many correspondents who have recognized themselves in our pages is Mr. McAuliffe, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who sees himself in page 106, Part 3 of I WAS THERE, where our photograph shows him being carried pickaback by a marine porter. This was on August 29, 1914, when he came back from France after the early days of the Mons fighting. Mr. McAuliffe also sends me the original Order issued by Gen. Sir Henry Rawlinson at the Headquarters of the IV Corps on the eve of Neuve Chapelle, on March 9, 1915. General Rawlinson's Order said:

The 6th which we are about to undertake is of the first importance. The Army and the Nation are watching the result, and Sir John French is confident that every individual in the IV Corps will do duty and inflict a crushing defeat on the German VI^e Corps which is expected to attack.

What its result was, gallant as were the troops, is made by the chapters by

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work is the best work, it is perhaps or some siderable who see ey were a fresh anged, end of ance; rd, of

Henley-on-Thames, sends me a short but very vivid account of his share in the attack on the Hohenzollern Redoubt at Loos on Oct. 13, 1915, a subject that is dealt with in a number of pages in the last published Part of I WAS THERE.

As a member of the 14th Siege Brigade he went with a working party under Col. East and the F.O.O., Captain Cunningham, behind the Infantry, right on to the parapet of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Shortly he found himself with the Colonel in a shell-hole, and "it seemed to me that one-third of the infantry had been killed, a third wounded, and the other third bandaging the wounded. . . ."

"Off we went again. We got into a ditch which I think was Big Willie trench; there were some men in this trench but they were apparently waiting while their bombers cleared the Germans in front before going on. Our Colonel led us out of the trench on a left incline towards the base of the salient formed by the Redoubt; we found ourselves in a maze of shell holes, but by jumping from one to another we made in the direction of Fosse 8 which we could see on our right front. We had by this time become separated. I saw one of our men in a hole a little to my right. I made for him and found myself in a hole with a dead bomber and two canvas buckets of bombs. I thought it was no good being strafed for nothing, so unloaded the two buckets of bombs on to the Germans in front. I think I made good practice in the bombing round my hole practically ceased. I knew by this time we should never reach Fosse 8, and being alone I thought I had better see about getting back. I eventually found the Brigade S.M. and asked him where our lot were, and he told me they had gone back; so I said, 'I think we had better get back too, seeing we could do nothing further. This we did after spending a far from pleasant afternoon and evening in the Hohenzollern Redoubt.'"

Almost every detail of the ground covered by Mr. Coward's letter is illustrated in the chapters in Part 12 referred to above.

SUPPLEMENTING in a very direct manner the chapters which I printed in Part 10, describing the horrors and heroisms associated with the first Gas Attack on Ypres, Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Wilson, D.C.M., of the 60th Rifles, tells me something of the part his Division played in it.

"There were only two divisions of English troops, i.e. the 27th and 28th Divisions, composed of battalions from India and the Far East, and a Canadian Division, holding the Ypres front when this gas attack took place. The 28th Division on the right in the vicinity of Hill 60, the 27th Division in the centre, and the Canadian Division on the left. Farther away to the left were French Moroccan Troops, who left the line when the gas attack took place.

"With the exception of the 50th Nottingham Division there were practically hardly any reserves in support, and it is little short of marvellous why the Germans did not push this attack further on. They were vastly superior in all arms, and after the second battle of Ypres and its gas attack had died down the Cavalry Division took over the trenches from the Infantry in this sector.

"The 27th Division was composed of an English, a Scottish, and an Irish Brigade, i.e. the 80th, 81st, and 82nd, all of whom had arrived in France during December 1914 from the Far East and India, so consequently the winter struck them very hard. In addition, the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry were attached to the 80th Brigade, which was made up as follows:

- 3rd and 4th Battalions 60th Rifles K.R.R. Corps.
- 4th Battalion The Rifle Brigade.
- 2nd Battalion The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.
- Princess Pat's Canadian Light Infantry.

"After the second battle of Ypres was over Sir John French made a visit to what remained of the three divisions and congratulated them on their good work. The 27th Division was then sent to Armentières, where it took over from the 5th Division.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilson also sends me a copy of Sir John French's Order of June 1915, in which he gives high praise to the gallant 80th Brigade for the part they played in keeping the German Army from capturing Ypres.

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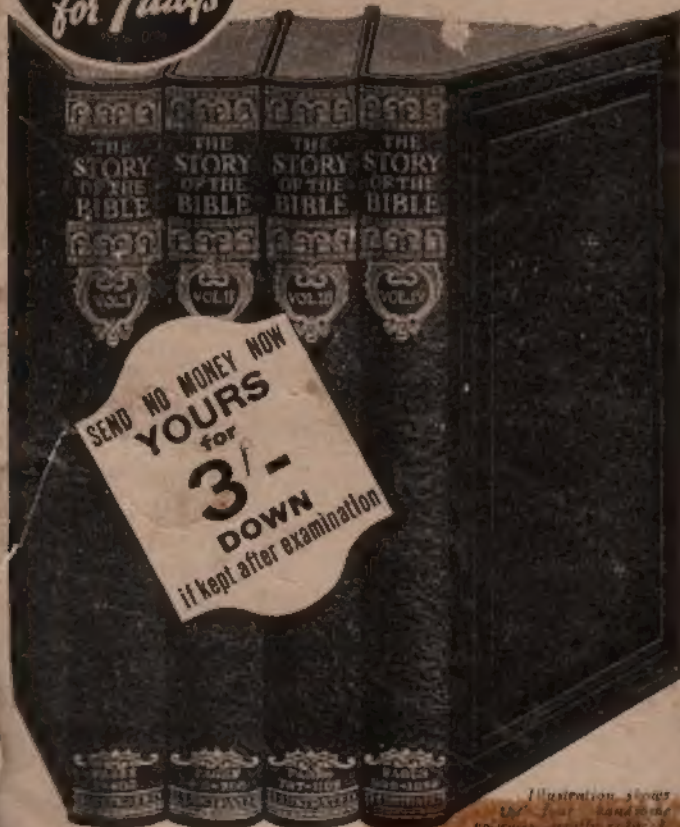
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